

The Listener

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Alexis Soyer: a portrait, c. 1837, by his wife, Emma Jones (see 'The Father of Modern Cooking', by Cecil Woodham-Smith, page 265)

In this number:

Egypt's Failure in the Sudan (W. V. Harcourt)

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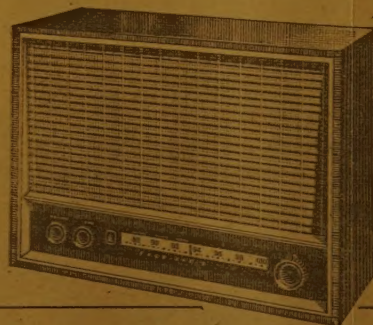


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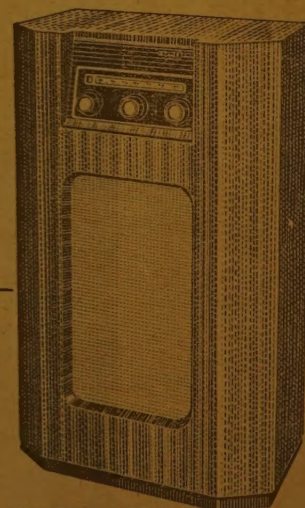
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Egypt's Failure in the Sudan

By W. V. HARCOURT

FROM President Nasser's point of view, the Sudan would be a far more desirable running-mate in the United Arab Republic than Syria or even Iraq. Syrian pipelines or Kuwait oil may be attractive politically, but the Nile is the jugular vein of Egypt—and the Nile is controlled by the Sudan. Furthermore, Nasser has promised the Egyptian people that he will raise their living standards by building a 'new pyramid', the 'High Dam' at Aswan. If the Aswan Dam ever gets built it will flood part of the Sudan, so a political settlement of some kind is essential.

Geographically the Sudan is by far the largest of the Arab states, and it has for years been open to Egyptian cultural influences. Even under the Condominium there were Egyptian schools and cultural centres. Today there is one Egyptian university, as distinct from Khartoum University, two schools entirely run and staffed by Egyptians, two cultural centres or clubs, and a number of Egyptians teaching in government schools—and this is in Khartoum alone. The support that Cairo gave to Sudanese independence meant that every Sudanese with a radio listened—and still does listen—to Radio Cairo. The three towns, Khartoum, Khartoum North, and Omdurman, have 14,000 Egyptian residents.

Therefore, a year ago, prospects of painlessly incorporating the Sudan, under the cry of Arab unity, looked good from Cairo. After all, the northern Sudanese have more right to

call themselves Arabs than the Egyptians. Of course the pagan, Christian, and Nilotic southern third of the Sudan is not Arab: but so far the southern Sudan, for various reasons, has not been able to exercise any effective political influence, although in parliament they do cause the Arab majority considerable embarrassment from time to time. There was recently a trivial but significant incident: parliament had decided that the statues of Gordon and Kitchener be removed from the streets of Khartoum. One southern member of parliament suggested that the statue of Gordon be transported south and placed in a prominent spot where the southerners could see the man who protected them from the slave trade.

The quality of the Sudanese as a fighting man is another attraction to Egypt. Nasser knows well that in the past the best soldiers in the Egyptian army have been Sudanese. The Sudanese soldier is well aware of the fighting qualities of the Egyptian soldier; like his cousin in the Algerian National Liberation Front army, he refers to the Egyptian soldiers as 'musicians', 'artistes'.

It was, presumably, because he interpreted the situation to his advantage that in February of this year President Nasser decided to put the newly independent Sudan to the test. He knew that the Sudanese Army was, for all its quality, small and ill-equipped. He also knew that in the event of a crisis Russia, backing Egypt in the Middle East, would hardly supply the Sudan with modern equipment, while for the

Sudan to have called on Britain or America for aid would have been to play into President Nasser's hands as 'lackeys of imperialism'.

In the pattern which everyone in the Middle East now knows by heart, the 'Voice of the Arabs' in Cairo subjected the Sudanese leaders to a campaign of bitter abuse. Then the Egyptian Army occupied the Halaib area of the northern Sudan. But, contrary to Nasser's expectations, the country did not split in two. I shall never forget the immediacy and vigour of the Sudanese reaction in those crucial days. Nasser's photograph disappeared from the shop windows and the nation swung behind its leaders almost to a man. Within twenty-four hours every available Sudanese soldier had been flown to the frontier to face the Egyptians. Battle-hardened Sudanese officers wearing rows of British decorations confidently predicted they would be in Alexandria within fourteen days. The ragged followers of the Mahdi were less well equipped when they drove the hated Turko-Egyptian regime from the Sudan seventy years before.

But fighting did not break out. The Sudan protested to the Arab League and then to the Security Council. Faced by Sudanese determination, Nasser backed down and withdrew his troops and, in the election that followed, Abdulla Khalil's coalition government was returned with an increased majority (and the votes were counted honestly. I was there myself and can vouch for it). Abdulla Khalil himself received 10,000 more votes than any other candidate. In short, the Halaib adventure was a complete miscalculation and I believe it is doubtful if relations between the Sudan and Egypt will ever be righted.

The Big Mistake

How did Gamal Abdel Nasser, that master of political calculation, make this, his one big mistake so far?

If you look at Egypt's relations with the Sudan in recent years you will see that a pattern emerges and it is not without significance for Egyptian relations elsewhere in the Middle East, or for sorting out the tangled question of where Arab nationalism ends and Egyptian imperialism begins. After the last war Egypt spent a great deal of money wooing the Sudan and supporting the Sudanese independence movement. Then in 1948, without consulting the Sudanese, Farouk, anticipating an armchair ride to Khartoum as soon as the *Inglesi* went, proclaimed himself 'Emperor of the Nile Valley'. The Sudanese greeted the advent of this new Caesar by telling off-colour stories about his private life. Farouk represented the old Egypt, the Egypt of the beys and the pashas, and, as the descendant of an Albanian bandit, Farouk himself was hardly likely to inspire a proud Arab people. But the new Egypt was different, and the new Egypt again spent a great deal of money and energy building up goodwill and supporting the Sudanese independence movement.

The dancing major, Saleh Salem, happily danced his dances until the awful realisation dawned on him that the Sudanese were really sincere about independence; they did not want only to get rid of the British, they really wanted to be left alone. He panicked. Disturbances broke out in the south. He made a statement demanding that the process of independence be held up and British and Egyptian troops sent to pacify the south. This made the Anti-Imperialist Front, the Communist Party in the Sudan, look rather ridiculous; in spite of the evidence it steadfastly went on proclaiming the British colonisers as the danger to Sudanese independence, and Egypt as the saviour. There followed another period of kid-glove handling of the Sudanese, and then the Halaib crisis. Again the Egyptians were unable to contain their impatience with the slow process of cultural penetration.

Halaib lifted a corner of Egypt's cloak of Arab unity and it is not surprising that beneath it most Sudanese saw not a brotherly Arab nation but Egyptian fascism, complete with artificial crises, threats, the big lie, abuse, racial arrogance, and even youth leaders trained in Spain by Franco's Falange.

There are other reasons why the Sudan has no desire to join Nasser's new co-prosperity sphere; perhaps the most important thing is that the Sudanese, unlike other Arab States, have already tried Egyptian rule. In 1821, after all, Mohammed Ali invaded the Sudan in search of slaves, ivory and gold, and for sixty years the Sudanese were ground down under one of the most oppressive regimes in history. President Nasser's brand of nationalism may

sound fresh in Syria or Jordan, but behind the new doctrine the Sudanese see the shadow of Mohammed Ali and the sadistic rule of the pashas. The Mahdist revolution which drove Egypt out of the Sudan also gave the Sudanese a particular national tradition—apart from the common traditions of all Arabs—which other new Arab States lack. You could call the schismatic Mahdists of the Sudan the Irishmen of the Middle East.

The Older and Younger Generations

Also, in other Arab States there is a certain amount of misunderstanding between the older and the younger generation of Arab nationalists. For example, in Iraq, Nur es Said's generation saw the Turks as enemies of Arab independence and fought against them with British support, while Colonel Kassim's generation—the angry young men of the Middle East—remember only the British and French after the first world war as the enemies of Arab nationalism. Yet, ironically enough, each of these men was and is a genuine Arab nationalist according to his own lights and his own generation. There is no such cleavage in the Sudan because the British moved in in 1899, and so the last two generations of Sudanese have worked together for independence from the Condominium.

An important factor in the strength of popular support for the present Government is the Prime Minister himself, Abdulla Khalil is an ex-Brigadier of the old Sudan Defence Force with a distinguished war record starting at Gallipoli in the first world war and ending in Ethiopia in the second world war. Very much the blunt soldier, he is fond of saying he is no diplomat but a patriot. He was one of the builders of the Graduates Congress in Omdurman; the birthplace of the modern nationalist movement. Another leading figure is the Foreign Minister, Mohammed Ahmed Majoub, whose grandfather was killed during the attempted Mahdist invasion of Egypt in the last century. Both these ministers are members of the Umma, the Mahdist party, which is the majority party in the coalition government. The Umma still commands the support of all the Mahdi's followers, especially the militant, million-strong nomadic tribes of the west who are very jealous of their independence.

What about the attitude of the minority parties? In the Sudan personalities count a great deal. The Minister for Social Affairs, Sheik el Arab, Mohammed Abu Sin, is the beloved leader of the powerful Shukria tribe, an educated man as well as a traditional leader. Together with Mirghani Hamza, Minister for the Interior and Irrigation—perhaps the most able man in the government today—he leads the anti-Egyptian wing of the minority government party, the People's Democratic Party. The pro-Egyptian wing of the party is led by Ali Abdel Rahman, the Minister for Agriculture and Commerce, but personally he is a discredited man and his following is small.

The main opposition party is the National Unity Party led by the former Prime Minister, Ismail el Azhari. It is a secular, socialist party, more neutralist than the others, supported by the educated classes and the town inhabitants. This party was responsible for the Sudan's declaration of independence and the virtual expulsion of Egyptian influence from local politics. The other opposition party, the Southern Liberal Party, is certainly not pro-Egyptian.

Barrage of Propaganda

Present relations between the two countries are not improving. On July 21 *The Times* reported that the newly arrived Counsellor at the United Arab Republic Embassy in Khartoum, Ali Khashaba (whose presence in other Middle East capitals is said to have coincided with subversive activities) had been expelled from the Sudan. Meanwhile the Nile Waters talks have broken down again and the Sudan has just broken the provisions of the 1929 Nile Waters Agreement (which it does not recognise) in order to water its new Managil Extension of the Gezira Cotton Scheme. The propaganda barrage from both Radio Cairo and Radio Moscow has been stepped up.

It looks as if Nasser may be obliged to swing south again. The Sudanese newspaper *Rai el Amm* reflected the Sudanese attitude when it commented recently: 'Gamal Abdel Nasser is a crocodile but he will find the Sudanese people a bitter meal'.

—Third Programme

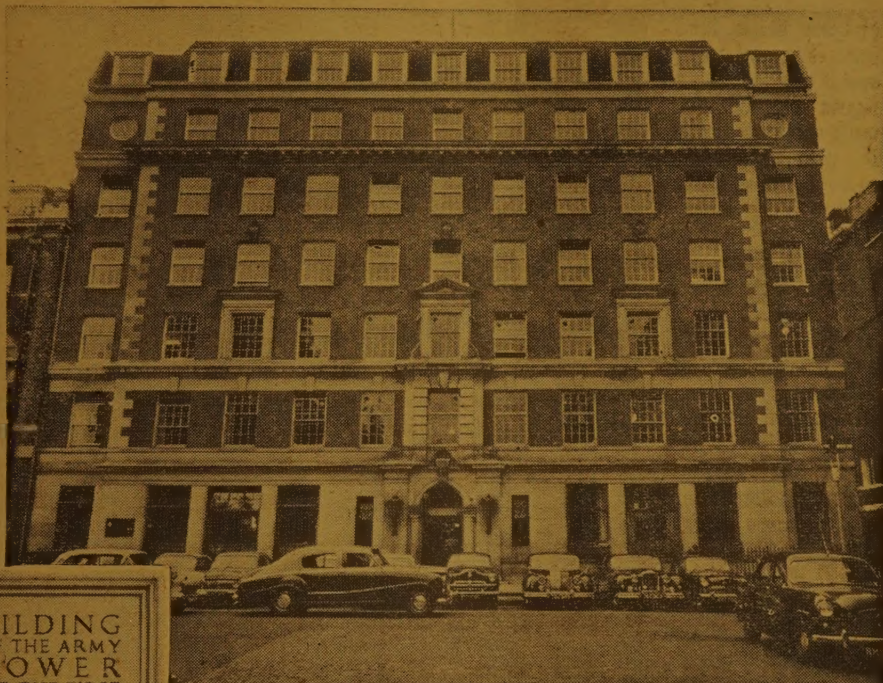
The 'Cossacs' of St. James's Square

General SIR FREDERICK MORGAN on the planning of the invasion of Europe

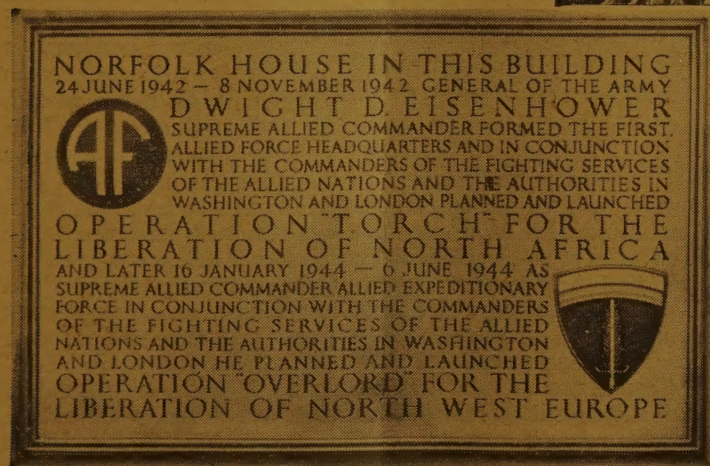
OPERATION 'Overlord' consisted at its birth in April 1943 of myself, my A.D.C., two batmen and a motor driver. Almost exactly two years later I sat at the table in the School at Rheims and watched the German plenipotentiaries, General Alfred Jodl and Admiral Friedeburg, sign in unconditional surrender to General Eisenhower. My connection with this affair began from the moment when, much to my disgust, I was demoted from command of 1st British Corps to become Chief of Staff to a Supreme Allied Commander who should be chosen some time later, to lead the invasion of Europe from England: I was landed with a vast collection of paper, being the records of the months of discussion and argument that had gone on regarding the setting up of the so-called Second Front. I was told to get on with it, set up the planning staff I thought necessary, and see if such an operation would be possible early in 1944.

The business of planning as a separate activity is a modern innovation made necessary by the intolerable complication of latter-day warfare. It is long since the Commander in Chief could sit his charger in the middle of his line of battle and command victory on the spur of the moment by word of mouth and a wave of the sword. Today it is not possible even to accept an idea as an idea until its possible implications shall

us than one could ever have dared to hope. It served to solve, by its mere existence, so many of our difficulties. Apart from anything else we were as variegated a gang as could well be imagined. We were men and women of all three services, American, British, Canadian, South African, with Australians and New Zealanders in close attendance. We had business to do with Norwegians, Danes, Dutch, Belgians, French, Poles, Czechs. Here,



Norfolk House, St. James's Square, London. Left: a plaque—the original can be seen on the wall just above the reproduction—commemorating the planning here of Operation 'Torch' (for the liberation of North Africa) and Operation 'Overlord'



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have been worked out to the umpteenth place of decimals; shall have been planned, in fact.

In that last war for every plan put into operation there must have been twenty or more scrapped. By 1943 we were becoming somewhat bored with the business, but for what I now had to deal with there could be no half-heartedness. So I impressed on each individual as he or she joined my staff that our job was to be no paper exercise but to make and carry out the plan that should end all plans, to organise the end of the war in Europe, to get the tools and finish the job, nothing less.

Then there was the lucky chance that the initial letters of my appointment gave this word 'Cossac', with its nicely deceptive Russian sound, and so we christened the outfit. Few besides ourselves knew what it really meant. Would that there had been some Russian content to our work, but already by 1943 it was clear that our ex-enemies of 1939 to 1941 though not now against us were not altogether for us.

The sense of corporate purpose thus imparted did more for

obviously, were the ingredients of as difficult a psychological atmosphere as one could well imagine.

There was hardly a shoulder that did not carry a chip of some kind. Those of us who had the luck not to be expatriates from our enslaved homelands had nonetheless bitter experience of defeat all round the globe, from Dunkirk through the Kasserine Pass and Tobruk, through Singapore to the Philippines. We were comrades in misfortune, in fact, and here we were together, intent upon the organisation of a single great effort that was to level up at least the major part of the great account.

It was indeed an uncommon comradeship that inspired the Cossac staff to bear so lightly the bonds of discipline, to overcome with equanimity the frictions, both internal and external, unavoidable in the planning and execution of an allied effort so fateful for the future of all the world. It is sad to think that more of the world's great problems cannot be solved by the comparatively simple, straightforward means that did the business for us at Cossac. But back of us all the time were the firm foundations of service discipline and service organisation that exist, must exist, in all fighting services of any repute anywhere; and neither organisation nor discipline seems to figure to any very great extent in the broad Western Democratic concept at present.

That the depth of comradeship within our Cossac organisation was altogether exceptional was proved by the supreme test to which it was put early on in the vital matter of secrecy. Time pressed right from the start and, if we were to follow the traditional course of deliberately keeping the left hand in ignorance

of what the right hand was doing, we should be consuming altogether too much time and effort in double talk and the negative processes of so-called 'security'. There must be nobody out of step, all must be able to contribute, each his or her quota of intelligent forward drive, to the whole pattern, with full knowledge of the ultimate aim in view. There seemed to me only one way to get such a result, though it meant acceptance of vast risk. I assembled all hands, literally including the N.A.A.F.I. cooks, and told them in plain terms what we were doing; whereafter I told them, in equally plain terms, of the inevitable disaster of the first magnitude that would result from any smallest leakage of what I had told them. Not a word ever got out. I do not believe that any system of threat or terror or Prussianism could have done this: in fact, I am sure of it.

The terms of the problem put to us were of some precision. We were to assume the availability of stated quantities of resources of all kinds, troops, aircraft, ships, landing craft, and so on, and we were to figure out whether, with these resources, it would be conceivably possible to make an assault landing at the required time in France somewhere. The first object of the enterprise was to be to occupy securely a vast bridgehead over there within which could be assembled a great allied army and air force, mostly American of course, that would then battle eastward to Berlin. To give you an idea of the scale of the affair, the so-called bridgehead would have to be all of France lying north of the Loire and west of the Seine, and the armies to be assembled therein might amount to a hundred divisions or so.

For months after we began work there was evident British reluctance to abandon their Mediterranean strategy with its long-range political advantages. The possibility of failure in the Channel was a British nightmare. The airmen, the British and American 'bomber barons', were sure that they could win the war on their own if left to themselves to get on with it. The Americans, a naturally impatient people, were apt to skate over the difficulties that were more apparent to us who had lived for so long with our noses right up against them, and they also had not got over the sensation of having been sucked by the British into the Mediterranean campaign against their will. In fact, at the beginning it was only at Cossac that the germ of real unanimity existed.

So we got down to the ever more involved calculation and estimation of possibles and probables. It was not just a matter of building up from a selected foundation. We had to forecast some eventual outcome and work backwards from that. It would be pointless to get ashore at some place that could not be held against immediate counter-attack, of which the strength could be estimated, and that did not give facilities for quick reinforcement from our side.

There must be reasonable prospect, once the battle had been carried inland in France, of getting ashore all the immense quantities of goods that would be needed by the great advance into Germany. Plans must be made and steps taken at once for the provision of those materials: everything from railroads to rations, from block-busters to bootlaces, from tanks to tomato juice. Thought had to be given to preparing the processes of liberation as we should advance into Europe, to co-operation with

the various resistance movements battling so gallantly behind the enemy lines and, eventually, to the conquest of Germany itself.

Forward and backward the argument went and there were moments when it looked as if we were defeated before ever our war had begun. There was the occasion that gave birth to the famous Mulberry Project, the creation of vast artificial seaports on the open coast of Normandy of which the remains can still be seen there. This all began at one of our domestic meetings within Cossac which, for once, became somewhat heated. We had decided to assault in the Normandy area although it offered few facilities in the way of seaports for landing heavier goods in immense quantities and masses of reinforcements. There were, of course, Cherbourg and Le Havre, but my reading of the situation, especially as a result of the earlier abortive expedition to Dieppe by the gallant Canadians, was that these places, in fact any possible port, would be heavily defended. So I had said that no

major port was to be included in the first assault: to the despair of the sailors, who said that without a port available to them at once the thing just wasn't on. Then one of them said, on the spur of the moment, 'Well, if we can't capture a major port, we must take one with us!' Which is just what was done.

Then, when we got further down to detail and had worked out how to land a couple of hundred thousand vehicles across the open beaches, a scientific gentleman came to see us with the statement of his belief that what we



Mulberry harbours in position off the coast of Normandy soon after the invasion of Europe in 1944

Imperial War Museum

had assumed to be firm sand on the shore was in reality a thin covering of sand on top of peat that would take no traffic at all. Our information from elsewhere was that such peat bog as we knew to exist was where it did not matter. Anxiety was considerable until the dare-devil boys with their midget submarines and kayaks crept ashore under the German noses and brought back samples of the beach subsoil to prove that there was no peat under our chosen sand.

Another bad moment was when the military correspondent of some illustrated journal published his own forecast of how the invasion operation should be conducted, giving diagrams which were precisely similar to those in our most secret files. This crisis we met by doing absolutely nothing about it, for at the same moment every other military correspondent published each his idea and there was no point in taking any particular notice of any one of them.

So in due course we were able to say that, to the best of our knowledge and belief, it was indeed possible to contemplate an operation of the order necessary to achieve the object in view, even with the meagre scale of resources on which we had been ordered to calculate. But we earnestly emphasised the truly vital necessity of doing everything possible to increase the weight of the attack by allotting to it more men, more ships, more craft, more everything, so as to be able to widen the front of assault and its power of penetration.

There came an intense period of deliberation in higher quarters both here and in North America while the issue was fought through the various committees, British, United States, and combined, and it was a big moment when we heard that our proposition had been found acceptable and we were told to put all the

(continued on page 272)

The Unreliable Radio

MARY GOLDRING on navigation in transatlantic flying

THE morning after the loss of the K.L.M. airliner over the Atlantic on August 14, Dutch newspapers were asking angrily why an immediate search for the Super Constellation was not started as soon as it failed to make its regular hourly radio check with Shannon. The fact is that it is not so odd for an aircraft on this route to lose radio contact with land. Air navigation on the North Atlantic is absolutely bedevilled by radio-fadeouts, mostly from polar interference. Complete radio blackouts of one or two hours are common. As long as they last, neither the pilot in the air nor the controllers on either shore have any hard idea just where the aircraft is.

This unreliability of radio on the Atlantic leads at times to something approaching rush-hour conditions in the air. On a busy night there can be as many as 130 big machines over the sea at the same time and all bunching together on the same route. It is the ground controllers' job to see that collisions do not happen. With the equipment they have today this can be done with almost pin-point accuracy—always provided that they can keep contact with the aircraft.

But over the North Atlantic, where contact can be lost for long periods, the methods used are still extraordinarily primitive. They consist of keeping aircraft thirty minutes' flying time behind the machine directly in front; at present speeds this means about 150 miles. They must keep 120 miles away from any aircraft flying on a parallel route. They must keep half a mile distance between them and any aircraft directly above or below them. It happens that two-thirds of the flights are crowded into as few as twelve tracks. Under these conditions it is easy to see

how the Atlantic can shrink from an ocean to a narrow and congested airway.

A dramatic new system of navigation has been developed in this country and is now under test on the North Atlantic. Describing it crudely, there are stations on the eastern and western shores that send out continuous signals and the pattern of these forms a radio grid across the sea. Across this grid the aircraft picks its way and the system seems to be proof against all radio fading; I have seen reports by the airlines—one British, one American—that have been testing it and they are both favourable; although it does seem plain that the actual installation needs some working over and tidying before it is up to commercial, as distinct from prototype, standards.

The next big stumbling block is to get all the airlines to agree to standardise on this navigation system. If they do, and knowing airlines it is a big 'if', three times as many aircraft could safely use the same bit of sky. An alternative idea, which is being studied but not yet tested, is the possibility of a follow-my-leader system where each aircraft hangs on to the tail of the one directly in front. It is thought that the cloud-detecting radar that many aircraft carry could be adapted so that pilots could keep a fixed and short distance of perhaps ten miles directly behind the leading machine.

What is plain is that something has to be done about North Atlantic navigation and done quickly, because in November the jet services begin and they will be flying at altitudes previously the exclusive preserve of the military. Reports suggest that the military do not find it easy to keep their own jets untangled, not to mention keeping them away from those of the airlines.

—From 'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)

Redundancy: a Problem for the Trade Unions

By MICHAEL SHANKS

WHAT should trade unions do when their members are threatened with the sack? Should they do as the American unions have done and concentrate on getting generous compensation payments, or should they try to ensure that as many people as possible are kept in jobs even at the cost of short-time working all round?

The problem first came up in an acute form two years ago, during the slump in the motor industry. British Motor Corporation, after several months of short-time work, suddenly announced the dismissal of some 6,000 of their employees. The engineering unions decided to fight this, and declared an official strike of all B.M.C. workers. After a fortnight a compromise agreement was reached. But the strike taught the unions some bitter lessons. For one thing, it proved most unpopular. More than half the workers defied the union picket lines and went to work. This was a severe blow to union prestige, and many a union official resolved never to get committed to an official strike in such circumstances again if it could be avoided.

The other thing which the strike did was to spotlight the comparative absence in this country of any effective provision for redundancy. The contrast with America was glaring. Under the so-called Guaranteed Annual Wage agreement a laid-off car worker in Detroit can get up to two-thirds of his normal wage for six months. His British counterpart might get nothing but a week's pay in lieu of notice. Unfortunately the unions in the engineering confederation have reacted to the problem in exactly opposite ways. One school of thought, headed by Transport and General Workers, wants to negotiate agreements on unemployment compensation with individual employers on the American

model. It has in fact done this in a number of industries in which it has members, but it cannot do so on a general scale in engineering without the agreement of the other thirty-nine unions in the industry. Here it has run into opposition. Some of the more left-wing unions in the confederation argue that the unions' job is to keep their members in employment at all costs, and that redundancy should be tackled by everybody working shorter hours. If you offer to discuss compensation, they argue, you simply encourage the employers to start dismissing their workers. In May this line was endorsed by the national committee of the Amalgamated Engineering Union, the most powerful union in the Confederation. Incidentally, this decision was taken against the wishes of the union executive.

So the annual conference of the engineering and shipbuilding unions last week was presented with two alternative policies—that of the transport workers and that of the A.E.U. If it had come to a vote, there is no doubt that the A.E.U. would have got a majority and the idea of compensation would have been killed stone dead. It did not come to a vote for two reasons: partly because the confederation does not like to advertise differences in its ranks; and partly, I would guess, because some leaders of the A.E.U. really prefer their opponents' policy. So after a general discussion the conference approved a compromise resolution which in effect left the whole matter still open.

That may have solved the confederation's internal problems, but it still leaves the question of redundancy policy in the air, especially as both sides of industry seem to have turned down the Government's idea of a nation-wide 'contract of service'.

—From 'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)

The Listener

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A Voice in the House

THE B.B.C. has just published an illustrated booklet* describing the engineering achievement by which a nation-wide television service has been built up. It now covers over 98 per cent. of the population. Last year the B.B.C. Television Service celebrated its coming of age, but the period of twenty-one years is somewhat unreal since progress was interrupted by the war and by the restrictions imposed on capital development afterwards. Recently there has been a great deal of experiment and discovery. Progress has been attained in transmitting films by television, in telerecording, in obtaining special effects, in making films for television, and in 'dubbing'. Above all, the Eurovision network is a remarkable engineering triumph. Among the projects under way are the construction of the new Television Centre on the thirteen-acre site at the White City. Here the main block, when it is completed, will consist of an inner ring, seven floors high, from which will radiate the studios and a 'central wedge'. The studios will be linked by a runway allowing properties to be conveyed from the scenery block to the outer ends of the studios, while the artists and staff can enter the studios from the inner ring. Progress is also being made with regional studios. A great deal of preparatory work has been done on colour television over the past twelve years and experiments have been carried out with the system in use for public service in the United States, as adapted to British 405-line television. Finally, other investigations have been made into the practicability of using ultra-high-frequency bands since the present bands allotted to this country are overcrowded.

While with the aid of the radio industry and the Post Office engineers great progress is to be envisaged with the television service, which provides not only entertainment and information but brings far distant events right into view in our homes, one must not imagine that sound broadcasting will fail to be of value to the community for many years to come. The experience of the United States, where television has been developed intensively since the war, is decisive upon that. While not everybody in America owns a television set, nearly every household has one and usually more than one 'radio set'. In the daytime substantial audiences listen-in. The radio set is used in the early morning, since television at breakfast is a distraction, and in motor-cars. (We must remember that Britain too is a growing motoring nation.) Sound radio, moreover, is extremely important for the regular reception of the news, for giving good music through local F.M. stations, and for reporting on big sporting events that are not accessible to television.

One might hazard the guess that sound broadcasting would be even more popular in the United States today if it were not so largely dominated by the soap opera and the singing commercial. As with our own Light Programme the 'background' music or entertainment is a comfort and solace to many. One American housewife, when asked why she listened to the radio, said that she found it made her housework less revolting. Another, also asked by some busy inquirer whether she enjoyed listening to the constant 'soap operas', confessed that she did not like them much. Then it was said: 'Why don't you turn it off?' 'Well', she answered, 'it's a voice in the house'.

* B.B.C. Television: A British Engineering Achievement. 2s. 6d.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on the Middle East

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S SPEECH at the United Nations Assembly on August 13 was, according to Moscow radio, printed in full in *Izvestia* three days later. The text was followed by a lengthy condemnation of the President's proposals for the Middle East, particularly on the grounds that they contained nothing constructive which would lead to the immediate withdrawal of United States and British troops from Lebanon and Jordan. The insistence that they must be urgently withdrawn was voiced in many Moscow broadcast comments on the U.N. Assembly session. According to one Moscow broadcast, the 'withdrawal of one battalion of marines from Lebanon' merely symbolised 'the desire of the United States ruling circles . . . instead of a real settlement of the situation . . . to get off with a meaningless gesture'. A Moscow broadcast repeated in many foreign languages insisted that 'the U.N. has no right to follow the lead of the oil monopolies'. The English audience was told:

Even with the maximum loyalty of those who normally support the U.S.A., being bound by military or dollar strings, this time the U.S.A. cannot expect a two-thirds majority. Hence the need for an exceptional propaganda show, ranging from sending U.S. atomic submarines under the North Pole—with boasts that they could pepper the U.S.S.R. with H-bomb-headed missiles—to the opening of the Assembly with a set speech for the defence by President Eisenhower, not forgetting the dramatic announcement of the symbolic withdrawal.

Many Moscow broadcasts criticised the intention of the United States of raising in the U.N. debate the question of 'indirect aggression' through broadcasts and other means. *Izvestia* was quoted as saying that 'the Arab public draws the attention of Washington and London hypocrites to the eleven secret broadcasting stations', engaged in 'illegal hostile propaganda against the United Arab Republic, its policy, and leaders, not to mention the Voice of America, the B.B.C. and Radio Amman'. As for Mr. Hammarskjöld's plan for a Middle East solution, which had won 'unexpectedly speedy approval' in Washington and London, the Arab countries were reported to have rejected it, according to a broadcast *Pravda* article on August 13. Moscow radio quoted Cairo press comment calling for the United Nations to 'brand' the United States and Britain as aggressors and criticising Mr. Hammarskjöld. An earlier *Pravda* article was quoted as saying that all Western plans for a constructive programme for economic aid to the Middle East 'smell of colonial domination'.

Chinese broadcasts insisted that:

So long as the United States and British aggression forces have not withdrawn from Lebanon and Jordan completely, the U.S. and British imperialists will not be able to escape the serious responsibility for endangering peace.

Six hundred million Chinese would continue their struggle until the troops were withdrawn.

The Cairo press contained such headlines as 'China threatens to throw 100,000,000 soldiers into battle in event of war'. A Moscow broadcast condemning the United States memorandum on China, said that the U.S. imperialists, in blind hatred of anything progressive, were ready to plunge the world into war; but they should realise that 'the east wind increasingly prevails over the west wind'. According to a Japanese transmission on August 13, the leader of the Japanese delegation to the recent Stockholm 'peace' congress, who passed through Russia and China on his way home, said that the Chinese, who now disposed of considerable military strength, were boasting in Peking of their ability to 'suffocate the Nationalist Chinese stronghold of Formosa in half a day' with their intercontinental ballistic missiles, if the Nationalists dared to 'counter-attack' the Chinese mainland. A Beirut broadcast on August 11 rejected Damascus radio's recommendations to the Lebanese to demonstrate during the U.N. Assembly meeting and demand the withdrawal of United States troops. No heed, it said, should be paid to non-Lebanese interfering in internal Lebanese affairs, especially when they were people who had allowed Russians to dominate the Afro-Asian solidarity conference in Cairo.

Did You Hear That?

THE HISTORY OF OUR TIME IN PICTURES

DOUGLAS BROWN, a B.B.C. reporter, visited the Hulton Picture Library, which has just been acquired by the B.B.C. and will be known in future as the *Radio Times* Hulton Picture Library. He spoke about it in 'The Eye-witness'.

'The main impression', he said, 'the main thing that stands out in your mind after a visit to this library, is the way the camera has transformed the study of history. Before photography, many problems of history had to be resolved by intelligent speculation. But, for the last 100 years at least, it has given us an accurate and vivid record of nearly all facets of life. This library is, indeed, the history of our times in what may well be called the idiom of our times.'

'I expect many of us wonder what sort of men they were who fought at Agincourt or Crecy or Flodden. But we have no need to speculate when it comes to the Crimean War. I turned over picture after picture and was able to study the layout of camps, the uniforms, the artillery, the boulder-strewn valley where the 600 rode to their death, and the personalities of generals and soldiers alike. These were the work of the world's first press photographer—Roger Fenton—a barrister who sailed to the Crimea in 1855 and returned home with more than 300 negatives. Unfortunately they are not scenes of action. The photographic material used in those days was not fast enough for that. But these photographs showed that the camera could record real and intense aspects of war as no draughtsman or painter could. You could study these pictures for days, there is so much to learn from them.'

'Then there is the Indian Mutiny: pictures of gaunt destruction, pictures that prompted the remark by someone with me that war in its essentials never alters. There is many a grim picture, too, of the American Civil War, taken, often in

dangerous conditions, by another early war photographer, Matthew Brady. His war effort ruined him, and he died in the poor-house. The South African War, too—and the pictures become less stereotyped: there is more action in them.



Three photographs from the *Radio Times* Hulton Picture Library: top right, a Turk, aged 156; above, Blondin crossing Niagara Falls on a tightrope in 1859; below, woman in the nineteen-twenties wearing a smoking suit



Here we see a height being stormed, and there is a wealth of expression to be studied on the faces of these men about to face the enemy and perhaps death. It was about war pictures that I first asked the deputy librarian, "War in any case is so photogenic", she said. But the more obvious answer, of course, is that recent history has been made by wars and violence. I suppose the historian of a thousand years hence who studies us by the help of these pictures will say that we Europeans were a very warlike people.

'Thinking of war, they have one photograph of the Duke of Wellington. They have, too, a photograph of the arrest of the man who shot the Archduke Ferdinand at Sarajevo—the event that sparked off the first world war. If you have a taste for horrors, there is a picture of some Chinese gentlemen condemned to death. In one you see them with their heads on, and in the second with their heads off.

'But let us get away from the ghastlier side of things. What a wonderful shot that is of Blondin crossing Niagara Falls on his

tight-rope in 1859. They have the negative of that, too. Indeed, they have thousands of negatives as well as all the rest.

'I enjoyed myself by asking for pictures of anything that came into my head. Had they pictures of the slabs on which were inscribed the code of law drawn up by a King of Babylon? Yes. The Dead Sea Scrolls? "Yes", said the deputy librarian, "we've plenty of pictures of them. They're in big demand".

'A child an hour old. A man of 156 years old. Queen Victoria when she was a small child. "Oh, yes, we have 1,400 pictures of her", said the deputy librarian. What was the oddest request she had had in the last day or two? For a picture of a Victorian gentleman in a long nightshirt and nightcap, with a brass or iron bedstead in the background. Do you want to know exactly the kind of bathing costume great-grandma wore in Brighton in 1886, or the details of a vintage aircraft or an early locomotive? Or maybe your interest is in early bicycles or even in the "rational bloomers" sported by the young ladies who rode them. Did you know, by the way, that women wore smoking suits in the 'twenties?



Cardiff Castle as it appears in the first presentation in Wales of *Son et Lumière*

If you wish to study constructional details of an atomic power station or an oil refinery, there are pictures galore. Or perhaps it is the world at large you are interested in—the life and work of many races and the places where they live. Such a wealth of knowledge about the joys and perplexities of every man.

‘Who uses this library? Journalists and publishers and students from all parts of the world. They will still be able to use it just the same although the library has changed hands. As I was leaving I asked the deputy librarian for a picture of an English law court in session. That did stump her. “But I can”, she said, “let you have a shot of the inside of an oriental harem”’.

CARDIFF CASTLE

Speaking in ‘The Eye-witness’, ALAN PROTHEROE said: ‘All the pageantry and glory of Welsh history is conveyed in light, music, and voices in the grounds of Cardiff Castle, with the second British presentation of *Son et Lumière*. It has a remarkable effect on the spectator; one moves to follow a non-existent army as it travels across the quarter-mile-wide lawns in front of the Castle and up the hill to the Norman keep. PETER WOOD, the producer, said: “Cardiff was a very difficult subject in a way; it had several advantages—the Castle was placed right in the centre of the city—but unfortunately it did not have what I would call any highlights of history; kings were not crowned there, nor indeed where they murdered there. So we decided to invent a mythical character called Dai who, so to speak, occurred in every episode right through history from the Romans to the present day. We called him Dai Sidestep because he sidesteps the various issues of history from point to point, from the time when the Romans caught hold of him and tried to hang him, until comparatively recently when he was chased by bombs across the Castle in the last war”.

‘I asked Mr. Wood if there were any special production difficulties at Cardiff. “There are always difficulties of one kind or another”, he said. “It is a highly tricky medium simply because one is in the hands of very complicated technical devices, particularly in terms of sound, a medium which no one has fully explored yet—stereophonic sound particularly, which we use in this case. We can, for instance, make Roman armies march across an area of a quarter of a mile in terms of sound here at Cardiff. The difficulties have been no more than usual except that the site is much larger than any that I have ever seen used before”.

‘Dai Sidestep is played by STANLEY BAKER, and I asked him whether he found the technique so very different from his work as a film actor. “It is entirely different”, he told me. “I have never done a *Son et Lumière* before, but for me it was more than that—it was being Welsh and having been asked to play this particular Welshman—who is the eternal Welshman—that gave me a great thrill; and the technical difficulties were handled by Peter Wood and not by me, you know”.

‘Voices and light: on the surface one would hardly think such a combination could convey such strong impressions of actuality—but as Owen Glendower storms the Keep, as Rawlins’

wife is burned at the stake, as the country fair goes on merrily in front of the castle, it is impossible not to create mental pictures of the scene. Oliver Cromwell sentences “Dai” to death by hanging; from a tree across the grounds comes a gurgling scream and the audience flinches, gasps, and then chuckles. For a moment everyone saw the execution: and then they realised that it was after all nothing but *Son et Lumière*’.

WITH THE SOVIET STATE CIRCUS

JIM BRENT, a circus artist, spoke of his experiences in a Home Service talk. ‘Some people are born into the entertainment business’, he said. ‘Others, like myself, drift into it accidentally. In my own case it was unemployment in the depression years of the early ’twenties that led to a temporary job in the theatre as baggage man, and later—much later—to my doing a hand-balancing act with my brother Tommy.

‘I will skip over the long period of practice, trial, and error and tell you of one of our biggest adventures. This was when we were engaged to appear in the Soviet State Circus which was our first engagement out of Britain. There, for the first time, we had company—plenty of company—for our customary morning practice, for all Continental artists practise daily. This, I think, in great measure accounts for their success.

‘In Moscow the circus school had just started. To this centre came young people with talent and the right physique to be taught the basic skills of circus. Their teachers were veteran performers, people with a rich experience, eager to pass on their accumulated knowledge to those following them. A stipend was paid to each pupil and academic subjects were fitted into the course. Many people saw the graduates of this school when the Soviet State Circus visited this country recently. Perhaps, like me, they were struck with the neatness and grace of these artists; there is a ballet *barre* and mirror in every circus building in the Soviet Union. The circuses there are all permanent buildings with programmes running all the year round. The Russians are great circus lovers.

‘It was in Russia—in the town of Orel—that I first saw the great novelty act of a living ball ascending a uniform spiral twenty feet high. So struck was I with the idea that in my mind I saw how a magnificent spectacle could be made—the apparatus transformed into a tree with a snowball rolling up over the snow-laden branches. I made this suggestion to the brown-eyed artist at the time, but she never carried it out. Twenty years later at Harringay Circus, in all the beauty I first conceived, the transformation of the act was performed. It was a wonderful moment for me. I watched the lights fade and the powerful spot-lamps throw their coloured beams on the small white ball inside which was my wife, Mary, who had mastered the secret of rolling the ball upwards in the confined space against the pull of gravity. As the quiet opening bars of the music of *Swan Lake* fell on my ears, I forgot all else save the moving ball on its upward, hesitant journey; the shimmering top branches of the tree and the grandeur of the music’.

An Interpretation of Christian Marriage

Canon E. F. CARPENTER gives the last of three talks on Christian doctrine and divorce

IT is hardly surprising, in view of the subtlety of human relationships, that theologians and sociologists should have taken different views not so much about what constitutes the ideal of marriage but about the basic nature. The earlier talks have stressed what may be called the indissolublist position, a point of view which is usually held on one of three different grounds.

Three Grounds for the Indissolublist Position

First there are those who would claim that a valid marriage is in its very nature indestructible, since through it God has ordained that husband and wife should become one flesh, and this kind of union is therefore incapable of dissolution. For reasons which will appear, I feel obliged to reject what I call this metaphysical approach. I believe it is unbiblical, introduced into Christian theology through the influence of Greek philosophical thinking, and incapable of being maintained in practice. Everyday experience does not support it; so much so that those who put forward this thesis are bound to seek for it a divine sanction.

Secondly, there are those who maintain an indissolublist position on the grounds that marriage involves a life-long contract, which is by definition terminable only by death. Here I would briefly say that the obligation thus incurred is not simply an obligation to remain within a legal status of marriage but to live in a distinctive kind of personal relationship. There are, however, tragic situations, in which human sin has made it impossible for the parties any longer to relate themselves to each other in this unique way. Indeed, to attempt to do so and so achieve the purposes of marriage only serves to increase the tragedy. The life-long contract, because it involves far more than a static relationship, is in fact already broken.

Thirdly, there are those who assert, without raising any difficult questions as to the nature of marriage, that since this estate has such wide social implications it must in practice be taken as unbreakable. By so doing, it is said, far less total evil will be inflicted on the community, though a minority may well be called upon to endure intense suffering. Here I would differ in assessing the factual consequences. I believe that more social injury would result, more unhappiness be created, and the general estate of marriage be lowered, if divorce were utterly precluded. I cannot be happy about a theory which demands that even one man should die for the good of the people.

Having thus somewhat dogmatically expressed my disagreement with the indissolublist view, I want to look at the institution of marriage within the broad context of the Christian Faith, and to see what light the one sheds on the other. It will be seen that I object to the introduction of metaphysical abstractions, and of an excessive use of forensic categories, into the richly diverse and complex field of immediate human relationships. In protesting against both, I believe myself justified by the unique insight of the Christian scriptures. What is that insight? It is enough, I think, to consider two positive features of it.

There is a naturalism running throughout the Bible, which is in striking contrast to the dualism of the East and to a puritanical attitude to sex. The myth of the first chapter of Genesis shows God as creating *ex nihilo*, and seeing that all his handiwork was very good. No rebellious and primordially independent matter waits to receive the imprint of the forms to which it remains permanently resistant.

This basic naturalism in the biblical testimony, resulting from the nature of the divine activity in creation, is important; for, as every analyst knows, untold harm is done within marriage by a conviction of shame and a consciousness of guilt in the sex act. The Christian Faith can help to dispel these anxieties of guilt, not of course by failing to recognise the tragedy inherent in the total human situation but by a glad and thankful acceptance of the

whole life of man. In dispelling such neuroses by a positive approach, Christianity also should contribute to reviving a more satisfying conception of romantic love—a love which is seen not primarily as a remedy against sin but as a glorious enrichment of man's earthly pilgrimage.

Then, again, the Bible is prepared to take time seriously; that is, to be existentialist about human life. It shows people really growing by committing themselves to living and not escaping from it. This is a purposeful growth which has to happen in this spatio-temporal order if it is to happen at all. Individual persons achieve something within history. Even Jesus was perfected—say the Scriptures—through the things which he suffered.

Nothing could be more directly relevant than this active historicism to the field of human relations and particularly to marriage; even though a great deal of Christian teaching has not given sufficient weight to this characteristic feature of the Christian world view. To take history seriously means recognising how significant is that which happens within it. The Hebrew picture of God is one of creative activity, and it is through His acts that He is known. Man responds to this divine initiative by an active use, in time, of the powers that God has given him. By Aristotle, on the other hand, God is conceived as pure thought, and contemplation is therefore the end of human life. Only the rational is the real.

It was under the subtle influence of this intrusive and alien Greek thought-form (so I believe) that the teaching of Jesus as to the nature of the marriage relationship has been misinterpreted. Let me explain. Christian opinion is unanimous that marriage is, essentially, the life-long relationship of a man and a woman to the exclusion of all other; a love relationship, that is, which is intimately personal and takes up into itself the many-sided richness of full human nature; a relationship, moreover, which normally realises itself in the creation of home and family. Yet to state what marriage essentially is, and ought to become, is not necessarily to tell us how it can be lived out existentially from day to day: how, for example, we are to promote the relationship when it submits itself to the necessary but challenging stimulus of living, without which it cannot grow, but through which it may disintegrate and perish.

It must be admitted that there are theologians, principally in the West, to whom at least the implications of my last sentence would be anathema. They would argue, in the main from the words of Jesus as recorded in the Gospels, not simply that the contract involved in marriage is life-long and cannot therefore be broken, but that the marriage relationship is in its very nature indestructible except by death. As the father-son relationship is necessarily permanent, so a valid marriage establishes a metaphysical unity between two persons which persists independently of their subsequent life history.

Unacceptable Metaphysical Abstraction

In principle, I believe the introduction into Christian pastoral psychology of an essentially non-biblical insight to be here represented. It is—and I here quote Bishop Hensley Henson—to suppose 'a figment, by which marriage is considered as something independent of the possibility of the partners exercising any of the purposes for which marriage exists'. It is to set up a metaphysical abstraction, namely the married estate, and to think of it without empirical content and independent of its life-history. I know of no grounds that would oblige me, *qua* Christian, to embrace this abstraction. On the contrary, I do believe in taking seriously empirical evidence; and so I feel constrained to assert that some of the second marriages I have known, entered into during the life-time of a former partner, do not seem to bear out this thesis of indissolubility. So far as any judgement can be made from the observable evidence—and I would insist that this is the

only meaningful assessment possible—some of these marriages strike me as falling into the category of fulfilled Christian unions. Whatever some may say about them, God Himself appears to have used these relationships to further the ends for which marriage exists.

Difficulties of a Literalistic Approach to the Gospels

Such an argument from experience carries no weight with those who maintain that the *ipsissima verba* of Jesus as recorded in the Gospels constitute a divine utterance, and that their effect is utterly to forbid divorce and to establish that marriage is and always has been indestructible. In the light of such an authority, once it is accepted, there can of course be nothing more to say. The matter is settled finally beyond human debate and no appeal to facts has any validity. Yet such an assertion must not be allowed to pass unchallenged, since any claim to know the *ipsissima verba* of Jesus cannot be substantiated. Though we need not go so far as Professor Lightfoot in suggesting that we hear in the Gospels only the whisper of Jesus' voice and touch but the hem of his garment, yet it is impossible, in the light of modern scholarship, to approach the Gospels in a literalistic way.

If in its broad outlines the teaching of Jesus is clear, the details and interpretation are not so secure. For example, an exhaustive survey of post-Reformation Anglican scholarship concerning what Jesus and Paul said about marriage has recently been published by Dr. Winnett. The result is bewildering in its variety. Even if we could arrive at the actual words uttered by Jesus, our difficulties would not necessarily be resolved, for we should still have to decide their application in a changing environment.

Thus Dr. Reinold Niebuhr, in *An Interpretation of Christian Ethics*, asserts that on many ethical problems Jesus taught 'impossible possibilities', and that in respect of marriage in particular Jesus maintained an absolutist ethic not capable of being completely translated into the relativities of this sinful world. Our Lord's words constitute the norm of the Kingdom of God: they rebuke our pride: but as such they are not realisable in this fallen world. The paradox of seeking an infallible God-given authority to solve the practical day-to-day ordering of the married estate may be seen in Bishop Charles Gore, who changed his view concerning divorce, not as a result of some fresh moral insight but because of a revised judgement on a matter of textual criticism. Surely to look over our shoulders and to wrestle with texts, to imagine that the precise translation of a particular Greek word or the latest results of biblical criticism can settle some deep and grievous moral problem is not really to be true to the basic insights with which the biblical witness confronts us. I doubt if it is really grown up. Rather we should look around us, and ask questions of experience under the guidance of the spirit of the living Jesus.

It is true that for Christians of the Roman allegiance the interpretation of the New Testament record in its marriage teaching is guaranteed by the Church, but this particular interpretation is at variance with that given by the Greek Orthodox Church and nearly all the Reformed Churches in Christendom.

God's Purpose in History

Let me summarise my argument so far. Christianity asserts that God is to be served in the whole area of human life, that is from within the full context of the rich and complex nature of man. Christianity, in affirming the uniqueness not only of man but of men, takes history seriously and sees God through it as working His purpose out. The personal life must therefore be regarded as significant in the obstinate demand of its historic particularity. Marriage itself is essentially a relationship between persons and there is no estate of marriage independent of the people who enter into it.

The practical result of all this, for the Christian, is that he is a visionary with his feet on solid earth. He thinks he knows a fulfilled marriage when he sees one, though the reality is not a static perfection, nor can it be legally defined. Most important, he will not value permanence apart from quality; and he is just as much concerned over defective relationships within marriage as with vagaries outside it.

Unfulfilled relationships bring their own retribution in the

crucifixion of love or its annihilation. It is this frank recognition of man's essential tragedy that gives the Christian pastor much in common with the analyst. The task of both pastor and analyst is to understand, to bring release, and to introduce healing. If in the first effective encounter of man with woman the one sees the other with the aura that God sees everyman, yet just because history is real and life purposeful this vision is not easily kept; it has to be translated into existential terms in a workaday world. The problem becomes even more difficult where no effective encounter has ever taken place, for it does not necessarily follow that any two persons are capable of a perfectly fulfilled marriage: a wrong initial choice may permanently lessen the range or depth of the resulting personal relationship and sometimes this limiting fact must be patiently accepted. Many indeed are the people who find themselves caught up in marriage of whom it cannot honestly be claimed that God has joined them together. Their hope can only lie in some reawakening. The pressure of society must, on the whole, be exerted to keep them together, for their own good as well as for the stability of the community around them. Moreover it must not be forgotten that many subsequently fulfilled marriages pass through the waste lands of the dark night of the soul, and in such country the will needs to be fortified and escape routes cut off lest weariness and frustration should end what patience and God's grace can finally mend. The goal of marriage is not simply happiness (though this is a value not to be despised) but purposeful growth into Christian maturity.

A Relationship Killed

Yet marriage, like the Sabbath, was made for man and not man for marriage: and having made full allowance for everything I have just said, I believe that there are situations in which sin and ignorance (so real is history and so moral are persons) have killed a relationship so completely that liberation and newness of life can only come through a frank recognition of what has in fact already happened.

To preserve the outward form when the inner reality is a negation of love, indeed sometimes its degradation, is to mistake the substance for the shadow and to lower the whole status of marriage. Here the severing of the bond, though always an evil, is a drastic action necessary to preserve integrity and to make possible future fulfilment. It is, as the Reformation theologians used to say, God's 'medicine' for sin; a surgical operation which though the result may well be a permanent scar, yet at least gives a chance of restoration to health—and the patient may emerge a chastened but in the long run a wiser man. When such an operation is necessary no one can reduce to precise legal formulation, though society, such is the social content of marriage, must resort to legislation. Personal relations are far too subtle to be tidily disposed of. The task of the Christian pastor is to see each marriage situation steadily and see it whole: to suggest what is best within the total context of the Kingdom of God and the place of these particular people in that Kingdom; to enable them to deal with their own predicament in humility and creative hope. For a few this may well lead to divorce and a second marriage.

I cannot bring myself to be more precise; nor do I find it easy to discuss matters of this kind in terms of law or of metaphysical categories. It is in relation to *this* man and *this* woman, with *their* responsibilities and in *this* particular environment, that marriage problems can be purposefully resolved.

What I have said represents, I think, one stream of Anglican tradition as it has shaped itself, in response to both theology and fact, since the Reformation. If I am appalled by the increasing incidents of divorce, and wish desperately to reduce them, I am not necessarily overwhelmed by them. Nor am I myself convinced that increasing facilities for divorce (though I would most certainly not wish to extend them) are a cause rather than a symptom of marriage breakdown.

Many of us who are, or have been, parish priests feel most acutely our own need for more knowledge when we try to help those whose marriage falls short of what they themselves would wish it to be. We need more information; more psychological insight based on clinical observation and wide personal experience. For example, what are the predisposing causes deeply embedded in the psyche which led to frustration in personal

relationships, and more distinctively in marriage itself? When the embarrassing third party breaks in upon a poverty-stricken marriage, and what has been called 'recognition' takes place where it has never existed before, what is the most creative way of handling this existential situation? Can it sometimes be employed creatively? Be a means, that is, after an 'agonising reappraisal', and through the heightened love experience that it brings, of making something of the original union? And, if this is to happen, how can it best be brought about? In such situations to talk of the Church's marriage discipline is not always very helpful.

Often, of course, the parish priest is called in only after the first marriage has already broken down and a second marriage

is in prospect. What is he to do about it? Life cannot be lived in a reverse direction and it is of the essence of the Christian Faith that it should move purposefully forward. Sometimes we need to 'forget those things that are behind'. If all the perfumes of Arabia could not sweeten the little hand of Lady Macbeth, yet the grace of God can effect renewal and transformation. It is because of this that many of us clergy dislike a disciplinary pattern which talks in terms of an enforced absence from Holy Communion. Such seems to us theologically as well as pastorally improper. What people need in such periods of crisis is not discipline of this kind but encouragement; not deprivation but grace; and also the final assurance that marriage can be a liberation when God through it accomplishes His perfect work.

—Third Programme

The Father of Modern Cooking

CECIL WOODHAM-SMITH on Alexis Soyer

ALEXIS SOYER was a Frenchman, born near Paris and trained in Paris. He was twenty-two when, in 1831, he came to England where his working life was to be spent. England was then the richest country in Europe, and for cooks the streets of London were paved with gold. The enormously wealthy English noblemen loved eating, spent vast sums on their cooks and their kitchens, and three or four chefs would be on the kitchen staff of a great mansion. The Duke of Buckingham having got into difficulties through his extravagance was told he must economise and, since he had a French chef for sauces and an English cook for roasts, he must get rid of his Italian pastry cook. 'Good God', he exclaimed, 'mayn't a man even have a biscuit with his glass of sherry!'

Cooks regarded themselves as artists. The famous chef Carême refused to stay with the Prince Regent because he was asked to cook dishes which he considered middle-class, bourgeois, and beneath his talents. The Duke of Wellington was reputed never to be able to keep a chef because above all things he preferred a plain cut off the joint; a nobleman in Ireland brought a chef all the way from France but he refused to stay because there was no Italian opera in Dublin.

Thackeray used Soyer as the model for the character of Mirobolant, the French chef in *Pendennis*, and he described him arriving with his library, pictures, and piano under the charge of his 'aide de camp'. 'It was a grand sight to behold him in his dressing-gown composing a menu. He always sat down and played the piano for some time before'.

Nevertheless, Soyer did not choose to gain riches by his skill in tempting the palates of Dukes and Princes. His claim to lasting fame is that he was the first man to devote his talents to mass cooking, and to grapple with the problems involved in

providing large numbers of people with nourishing, palatable food. Today we take the provision of mass meals for granted, and the office or works canteen, the army mess, the large and inexpensive restaurants and *cafés* to be found in every town are conveniences too commonplace to inspire gratitude. It is perhaps salutary to reflect that our forbears had to manage somehow without them.

After five years in noblemen's houses Soyer left in 1836 to become head chef and chief of the kitchens in the newly built Reform Club, with which his name will always be associated. It was an opportunity which exactly suited Soyer's talents: he had a free hand to design his kitchens exactly as he wished, and to organise his staff on his own lines. Soyer was above all an organiser—he once said 'Cooking is organisation'—and at the Reform Club he achieved a nine-days wonder. The kitchens were as airy and spacious as any reception room and kept, in the words of a contemporary, 'as white as a young bride'. All departments centred on Soyer himself, who sat in the middle directing, tasting, and testing. There was no confusion; each member of Soyer's staff went swiftly about his allotted duties; each kind of food—fish, fruit, meat, butter, cream, spices—had its own place. A visit to the kitchens of the Reform Club became one of the sights of London, and a huge print was brought out, three feet by one, showing a panorama of the kitchens with Soyer himself in the centre. This print is still to be picked up occasionally in book shops and on second-hand book stalls.

In 1837, Soyer married. His wife was a well-known painter, Miss Emma Jones, called the English Murillo, delightful to look at, gay, intelligent, with a gift for catching a likeness.

I have in my possession a portrait of Soyer painted by his wife about this time. He is wearing a sumptuous black-and-gold



A contemporary print with M. Soyer showing a visitor round the kitchens of the Reform Club. The partition walls are removed here to give a better idea of the culinary arrangements

British Museum

brocade dressing-gown, the red-velvet beret which was his trademark is tilted at a rakish angle on his head, he sits at a table with a glass of wine beside him, and he is eating one of his most famous dishes, Chicken à la Soyer, chicken threaded with truffles. There is something endearing about the picture: Soyer is smiling, and one sees him as a small, gay, good-humoured, and intelligent man.

Alas, the gaiety and the happiness were not to last. On August 29, 1842, Soyer was in Brussels, explaining kitchen design to the King of the Belgians, and Emma, who was expecting a baby, was in London. That evening there was a violent thunderstorm. Emma, who hated thunder, was frightened, she was prematurely confined and both she and the baby died. Soyer's grief was overwhelming. In the first transports of bereavement he attempted to destroy himself, and though ultimately he resumed his life he never married again.

Soyer differed from many cooks in having no professional secrets, and would pass on a recipe to anyone who enjoyed one of his dishes. Contrary to the practice of most chefs, he objected to the use of any comestibles 'out of or before their proper season'.

Nor did he approve of the Victorian fashion for decorating food:

'It is against my principle', he wrote, 'to have any unnecessary ornamental work in a dinner'. Nevertheless, Soyer could create dishes of incredible deliciousness and extravagance: one such dish cost more than 100 guineas, and to arrive at a true idea of the sum represented by 100 guineas a century ago you must multiply by four. This dish was composed of the *noix*, the choice plump morsels from each side of the back of capons, grouse, pheasants, partridges, plovers, quails, snipe, woodcock pigeon, cooked in green turtle fat, garnished with cockscombs, truffles, mushrooms, asparagus, and served with a new sauce. He also delighted in fantasies and created an awe-inspiring recipe for a boar's head à la Soyer made from sponge cake, masked with chocolate icing, with paste tusks, fierce red-cherry eyes, and eyebrows of pistachie.

Soyer wrote several cookery books, and these, too, may still be picked up for a shilling or two. *The Gastronomic Regenerator*, which appeared in 1846 and was an instant success, contains nearly 2,000 recipes: it is divided into two parts, the 'Kitchen of the Wealthy' and the 'Kitchen at Home', and many of the recipes in the second part can be used today. 'Knowing how to make much of a little is the first of domestic qualifications', writes Soyer. He himself cooked modest dishes with such pains that Thackeray broke a dinner engagement to go and eat boiled bacon and beans cooked by Soyer.

The culminating point of Soyer's life was now approaching. Soyer was generous, philanthropic, he had already given his services in making and organising the distribution of soup in Dublin during the great famine in Ireland of 1845-49 and he had designed and organised an immense soup kitchen in the Farringdon Road in London where 8,000 to 10,000 of London's poor were fed daily. In 1854 the Crimean war began—that campaign which is taught in the staff colleges of the world as the classic example of how not to run a war—and by the following autumn the Crimean scandal was filling the newspapers. The British troops had been landed in the Crimea without equipment or supplies and the men were dying in hundreds of sickness caused by bad food and neglect. Florence Nightingale had gone out in the autumn of 1854, but though she was performing miracles in the kitchen of the Barrack Hospital at Scutari her business was with the sick and wounded; she was a nurse, not a cook.

In January 1855 Soyer offered his services to the Government,

without payment, to organise the supply and preparation of food for the Army in the Crimea. His offer was accepted (few members of the Government had not dined at the Reform) and he set out for Scutari at his own expense.

It is a tribute to the characters of Soyer and of Miss Nightingale that they became friends. Soyer became deeply attached to Miss Nightingale, whom he called 'the heroic daughter of England': his work was done in close co-operation with her. The transformation Soyer worked in the huge army kitchens was, said the Commandant at Scutari, unbelievable. With a little rearrangement and some simple instructions Soyer accomplished more with six cooks than had previously been effected by thirty-four. His miracles, however, were the result of simple common sense: for instance, the men had only one tin plate to eat out of, the meat was always boiled, and the orderlies first distributed the meat and then poured out the soup. By putting the meat in each plate and pouring the soup over it the soup could be eaten first and the meat was kept hot. Tea had invariably been cold; Soyer served it hot by placing a filter full of tea in a large

kettle. Soup had been tasteless because no salt or pepper was used. Soyer seasoned the soup. Everything was boiled because there was no fat. Soyer skimmed the clear white fat from the top of the broth and enriched his dishes with it. Soyer's final triumph was to serve a luncheon in the rearranged kitchens to officials and their wives at which every dish was made from army rations with no extras added. The luncheon was an immense success, the visi-



The opening of Soyer's field kitchen before Sebastopol, 1855

tors exclaiming with surprise at the delicious dishes, and as Soyer walked through the corridors of the hospital, wearing a white coat over a gold braided waistcoat, blue trousers with silver stripes, and a species of turban, the men cheered him with three times three.

Soyer had, however, damaged his health. He had worked night and day under appalling conditions, he had been subjected to great strain, and he had had severe attacks of the same Crimean fever and diarrhoea which nearly killed Miss Nightingale. Though he continued to work, crossing to the Crimea itself with Miss Nightingale and reorganising the kitchens there, he was never really well again. In May 1857 he returned to England and, still working hand in hand with Miss Nightingale, he accomplished his last task, the designing of the kitchens at the Wellington Barracks in Birdcage Walk. Here again he performed the same miracle as at Scutari, producing for a gathering of military notabilities a delicious series of soup dishes and puddings from army rations, and once more he was received with enthusiasm. A week later he was dead.

His epitaph was best written by his friend Florence Nightingale:

His death is a great disaster. Others have studied cooking for the purposes of gormandising (that is of greed), and others for show, but none but he for the purpose of cooking large quantities of food in the most nutritious manner for large numbers of men. He has no successor.

It is pleasant to think that in this respect Miss Nightingale was wrong and that Soyer has had many successors and his work still goes on.—*Home Service*

Elek's latest addition to their series 'Masterpieces of World Literature' is Balzac's *Droll Stories*, translated by Alec Brown (25s.). This is the first time that all the stories have been gathered together in English, unabridged and unexpurgated, in a moderately priced edition. The volume is illustrated with some of the famous drawings by Gustave Doré.

Viceregal Circles

By SIR CONRAD CORFIELD

A CERTAIN tutor to our royal princes was once asked how he got his job. He is said to have replied, 'By bowing a little lower than the others'. I realised that the story was apocryphal when I became by accident assistant private secretary to the Viceroy of India; for Court etiquette was strictly observed in viceregal circles and one of the first things I learnt was that the court bow was made only from the neck. I wondered why. Was it to save the Sovereign looking too closely at too many strange faces or was it to prevent the protrusion of the posterior which a bow from the waist entails? Perhaps the latter, judging from the pictures one sees in the press. Anyway, the court bow was easier than the curtsy, which everyone knows is a terror to the ladies, especially the elderly.

Viceregal circles were so strict that a royal visitor once said he had to visit India in order to learn what court etiquette should really be. Dinner every night at Viceregal Lodge was an occasion for full evening dress. At its close His Excellency would rise in his place at the dinner table and all the men would follow suit. The ladies then departed, led by Her Excellency, and one by one as they reached the door were required to turn and curtsy—an awkward manoeuvre which was watched in fascinated silence by the men. At one time we used to have bets on the number of cracks which could be heard. The maximum was four, one by each knee at the dip and the same for the recoil. But after a while we knew the score too well. What a graceful manoeuvre it could be for the tall, the elegant, and the youthful!

The Viceroy had his own orchestra, which used to play most evenings during dinner. The music varied from classical overtures to dance tunes and on one occasion Her Excellency inquired the title of the tune which was being played. No one could remember. So her A.D.C. was sent to inquire from the bandmaster. The conversation at the table changed to another subject during his absence. He slipped into his seat on return and waited for an opportunity to impart his information. At the next silence he leant forward and in a penetrating voice said, 'I will remember your kisses, Your Excellency, when you have forgotten my name'. There was a gasp round the table, until we realised that in his anxiety he had inserted 'Your Excellency' into the title of the tune. The burst of laughter that followed was led by Her Excellency.

The work of an A.D.C. was no sine-cure. He was on duty with His Excellency for one day without a break from early morning till late at night; the following day was spent at the beck and call of Her Excellency, and carrying a parasol was amongst the lightest of his duties: on the third day he was responsible for looking after visitors and guests. If he was lucky, the fourth day was his own: but official dinners, banquets and balls meant that all the staff were on duty, and if sickness laid a colleague

low he might well have only one morning or afternoon a week to visit his girl friends.

As assistant private secretary I was spared these chores, but since His Excellency hardly ever stopped working and his private secretary seldom left his office I was more than fully occupied. There was a continual stream of private and personal correspondence between the Viceroy and the Secretary of State in London, much

of it by telegram: each telegram had to be encoded and decoded from a book of which there were only two copies, one with the private secretary at the India Office in London and one with me. The telegrams were usually ready for dispatch when it was time to change for dinner and frequently arrived before breakfast.

There were, however, gaps in my labours during which I was able to visit the A.D.C.s' room for refreshment and gossip. It was here that all visitors and officials gathered on their way to see the Viceroy, and often had to wait. It was easy to fix times for each interview but not so easy to keep His Excellency to schedule. An interesting visitor or a complicated case was never dismissed cursorily to make way for the next appointment. How tactful the

A.D.C. on duty had to be, when the queue lengthened and exasperated officials could not be pacified by the offer of another drink! At long last a Secretary to Government, braver than the rest, registered a protest at the time spent awaiting His Excellency's pleasure. He retired soon afterwards, and became a successful business man at home, where he was able to live in circumstances which his more honoured colleagues who had avoided protests could never dream of enjoying in their retirement.

One visitor, however, was not kept waiting long. I shall never forget my first vision of Mr. Gandhi, looking rather uncomfortable in an easy chair, clad



Lord Reading, Viceroy of India 1921-26, in his viceregal robes



A visiting Viceroy laying a foundation stone in Kapurthala State in the nineteen-twenties

as always in coarse cotton cloth and chatting gaily to a circle of A.D.C.s. His subsequent interviews with the Viceroy lasted for more than seven hours. At one stage His Excellency inquired what action Mr. Gandhi would take if he were in power and the Afghans attacked the North-West Frontier. Mr. Gandhi replied that he would conquer them by love. Lord Reading concluded that Mr. Gandhi was an idealist rather than a politician. Subsequent events seem to have shown that he was both.

Glamorous Dame Nellie Melba

All visitors were not on business bent. The most glamorous of these to me was Dame Nellie Melba. As I sat next to her one day at lunch, she pointed to the pearl necklace she was wearing. 'I bought it in the bazaar this morning', she said; 'how much do you think I paid for it?' Wishing to be tactful, I mentioned a sum which I thought excessive. She smiled and said, 'No: it only cost 5,000 rupees!' (under £500), adding after a short pause, 'two records'. So now I knew what the gramophone companies paid for her incomparable voice.

Later during her visit one of the A.D.C.s was sick and I was asked to escort Melba to a football match. She showed no interest in the game, so I offered her a bet of one rupee on the winning side. She then followed the play with more interest; but her side lost. The next day she sent me a photograph of herself in 'Aida', with a one-rupee note firmly pasted on the back. Across the note was scrawled, 'Here are your winnings, but I've made sure you won't spend them!' The photograph was stolen from my tent a year later.

Before she left for Australia, Lord Reading persuaded her to give a private concert. In preparation she spent a whole week practising four hours a day with a local accompanist, because 'she had not been singing recently'. What a voice! I never knew before that the 'Chanson Hindoue' was just a rope of pearls in sound.

The hot weather was now ending, and the whole Government began to move from Simla to Delhi. There was no New Delhi then. Viceregal Lodge was an enlarged bungalow and the staff lived in tents—rather luxurious ones with boarded floors, brick fireplaces, and modern bathrooms attached. Preparations were by this time well advanced for the visit of the Prince of Wales. It was hoped that personal contact with the heir to the throne would ease the political tension. But the Congress accepted his visit as a challenge, and an excellent opportunity to win popularity and publicity for their Home Rule demands. As a result every public function became a tug of war between official preparations and public demonstrations. The overwhelming desire of the ordinary people to see the Prince brought together enormous crowds. These crowds needed police reinforcements for their control. These reinforcements were interpreted as evidence of mistrust, and the fat was often in the fire.

The fire was fanned by Congress, and it was decided that Mr. Gandhi, its leader, must be placed behind kindly bars if widespread trouble was to be avoided. The decision had barely been made when a tragedy occurred. A crowd of inflamed peasants attacked a local police station, set fire to the building, and burnt the policemen inside to death.

The news shocked Mr. Gandhi as much as it did the Government. He immediately published his profound regret and a bitter repudiation of those responsible for the tragedy, at the same time virtually calling off his civil disobedience campaign until expiation had been made. What was the Government to do now? To arrest the leader of widespread agitation was one thing. To arrest a leader who had called off agitation (even if his call was not heeded) was a very different kettle of fish.

The Secretary of State was due to announce in parliament the next afternoon that Mr. Gandhi had been arrested. An urgent decision was therefore required if a change was to be made. The Viceroy's Cabinet was equally divided, and the decision was left to Lord Reading. He had to make up his mind that evening if the telegram was to reach the Secretary of State in time. The private secretary was ill and I was told to come to His Excellency's office after dinner. During this meal he was as gay and amusing as ever, and I knew he had made his decision. He dictated the telegram to me after dinner, reporting that Mr. Gandhi's arrest

had been cancelled. It was after midnight before I had put it into code: but it reached London in time.

Lord Reading, however, like all Viceroys of India, had other problems. Besides being responsible for the government of British India, he was also the link between the Crown and all the Indian States: and though Maharajas and Nawabs were not so difficult as politicians, they were not always amenable. During his time His Exalted Highness the Nizam of Hyderabad claimed that he was an independent monarch on the same footing as His Imperial Majesty the King Emperor. Lord Reading had to disabuse His Exalted Highness and assert the claim of the British Government to be the paramount power throughout India. It was not till 1947, when we left India, that this claim was renounced. The Nizam then had to try to assert his right to the independence he had claimed, with results which have since led to the disappearance of Hyderabad as a State.

His Excellency also had to preside at the meetings of the Chamber of Princes, which were held every year in Delhi. He declared that he felt very much at home in this stately gathering, in which (as in the House of Lords) 'applause' was indicated by a gentle tapping of the hands on the nearest woodwork, 'cheers' signified discreet murmurs of approval, and 'loud applause' meant such audible expressions as 'Hear, hear' or 'Quite right'. Politeness—and dullness—governed most of the debates except when one mischievous ruler, after a long and laboured oration by the Chief of Bhore State, created an unusual sensation by referring (perhaps by accident) to the eloquence of the Chief Bore. His Excellency greatly enjoyed one debate on the extradition of agitators. He allowed it to proceed, and then pointed out as an ex-Chief Justice of England that extradition for political offences was contrary to international law.

During his five years as Viceroy it was customary for His Excellency to visit as many of the States as could afford this privilege. It was of course easier to visit the States near Delhi, and those in Rajputana were therefore the most favoured. There was a famous duck shoot at Bharatpur, where a bag of 2,000 birds was expected. There were tigers in Alwar, where the Maharaja's beaters were expert enough to ensure a reasonably easy shot. There were sandgrouse in Bikaner where the bags were even larger than in Bharatpur. The trouble was that the States often became the playground for hard-working officials, so that their shortcomings were concealed. Indeed, in one State so many foundation stones were laid by visiting Viceroys and Governors that the Ruler was advised by a cynical political officer, when no buildings arose on these foundations, to collect them and use them to pave his palace courtyard.

The charm, the beauty, and the individuality of each State was such however that I made up my mind to transfer to the Political Service, which tried to deal with their problems. I never regretted it, but meanwhile I had to return to my province to complete the training which had been interrupted. It was quite a shock to change from being a social asset in viceregal circles to becoming a nonentity in a provincial secretariat. But it did me a world of good.—*Home Service*

Warning to Gloria

I wait for you whose half past six is seven
Or eight—or nine tomorrow: who may someday
Discover clocks as Christopher Columbus
Suddenly saw America. And, waiting,
I say to you who are not here, 'Remember,
I hate your large, magnificent indifference
To time because I love you: hate this waiting
To see and touch and hear you, to be near you.
And one day when you've kept me too long waiting
I may say something which you won't forgive me
Nor I forgive myself; and then, love, then what
Unthinkable ending? Try to think, remember
That love and hate are next-door neighbours meeting
Like day and night, like happiness and tears'.

A. S. J. TESSIMOND

Changing Fashions in the English Theatre

JOHN BOWEN on 'Five Finger Exercise' by Peter Shaffer

FASHIONS change, in the theatre as anywhere else. Some time ago I was talking with a young actor about the current design in heroes, and about the success of Kenneth Haigh and Robert Stephens who fit the pattern so neatly. 'But look at me', he said. 'I'm a sensitive young man. In the 'thirties I'd never have been out of work, but nowadays it's a struggle to keep going'.

We need not, I think, too much regret the passing of the sensitive young man. He has had a long innings and does not need a great deal of adaptation to fit the new fashion; the John Osborne hero is uncouth but he is still sensitive. The shift is more serious than that. For, along with the sensitive young man seems to have gone 'the well-made play'. Certain influential reviewers—and so, by education, many members of the public—have ceased to consider a play as being something constructed, shaped, an artifact. Although they would not consider the statement 'This is a well-made chair' to be pejorative, they cannot abide a well-made play.

So the well-made play is not often seen nowadays on our more serious stages. In this country few serious writers since Shaw have bothered to master the difficult craft of writing plays; since our craftsmen have not also been artists, most well-made plays have also been dead plays. These dead plays—plays which have been entertainment but not drama, just as detective stories are entertainment but not literature—have mostly held the stage because it costs much more to mount a play than to publish a book and, while a book may lie fallow for years before finding its public, a play needs a public immediately or it cannot exist, and so managements for many years played safe, and familiar and dead. Now that the dead no longer nourish us much, and now that new financial support has been found from the Arts Council, from municipalities and from business men like Sir Frederick Hooper, managements are prepared to experiment, but one of the ways their experiments have gone is in reaction against the well-made play.

Instead they have mainly supported two different schools of playwriting. One is the school of 'Theatre as Revue'; it includes Ionesco, Beckett, N. F. Simpson, Harold Pinter, Anne Jellicoe, and even John Mortimer. This is the kind of playwriting which uses revue techniques. An example is N. F. Simpson's play 'A Resounding Tinkle', in which Mr. Simpson attacked a certain sort of suburban deadness—a deadness of thought and feeling, expressed in a deadness of language—and his device for communicating his attack was to have his characters discuss such startling events as an elephant in the garden and Uncle Ted's

change of sex in phrases as trivial and repetitive as suburban small-talk overheard in any train or tea-shop. This is the same device, I suggest, as that used in a revue sketch, written in (I think) the early 'thirties by Mr. George Kaufman, and entitled 'If Men Played Cards as Women Do'. That sketch lasted less than ten minutes, and Mr. Simpson's play lasted a full act, but the device was the same, and it took all Mr. Simpson's skill to stretch it for so long. For a revue technique is devised to make one point, and make it effectively; it does not allow for argument or exceptions. Its

characters are not individuals; they are types or caricatures. It does not explore and develop a situation, but takes one aspect of it, and blows it up extravagantly until it bursts.

The well-made play is written in a time continuum. Action develops from character and situation; situation is changed by action, and character by situation, and all moves to a final resolution. The audience is carried with the play through time. Its members must always be told enough to enable them to keep up, because they cannot turn back the page and read again. Theatre as Revue does not work like that, and consequently its writers have to



Scene from 'Five Finger Exercise' at the Comedy Theatre, London: left, Adrienne Allen as Louise Harrington; centre, Juliet Mills as Pamela, and Michael Bryant as the German tutor; right, Brian Bedford as Clive

find some way of interesting the audience *while the play is going on*. Usually they fall back on jokes to maintain interest, and even jokes get tiring after a while. Consequently, the more successful examples of Theatre as Revue so far have been in one act; even 'Waiting for Godot' is on the short side.

Because it does not use real people for its characters, Theatre as Revue cannot produce a great play; it is saying what may be true things in fake terms. I don't think it will last, and I believe that it is the second of our two schools, the school of the 'primitives', represented by John Osborne, Sheelagh Delaney, and, at a very much lower level of skill, Bernard Kops, who have done most to bring the well-made play into disrepute.

Since the Royal Court discovered him, or he discovered the Royal Court, John Osborne has been like a great wind blowing through the English theatre; he has blown a whole set of stereotypes off the stage and put what may become a new lot in their place. It seems to me that he sees clearly and feels strongly for a very small section of our society, that part of it which lives in and around cheap digs, generally theatrical digs, the world of George Dillon, Jimmy Porter, and Archie Rice. Mr. Osborne knows the people of Paradise Square but not yet the people of Belgrave Square. Whenever he steps outside his narrow world and tries to create such a character as the Colonel in 'Look Back in Anger' or the lawyer brother in 'The Entertainer', it seems to

(continued on page 272)

NEWS DIARY

August 13-19

Wednesday, August 13

President Eisenhower, addressing special Session of United Nations General Assembly, outlines six-point plan for securing peace in the Middle East

Annual Report of Commissioner of Police states that there was a big increase in crime in London last year

Thursday, August 14

Bank rate reduced from 5 to 4½ per cent.

Dutch airliner crashes off north-west coast of Ireland with loss of all 99 persons on board

Minister of Supply announces that Britain has developed a device for detecting the launching of missiles up to 1,000 miles away

Friday, August 15

Details published of modifications in Government's plan for Cyprus. In a letter to Archbishop Makarios, Sir Hugh Foot, Governor of Cyprus, urges him 'not to throw away this chance of working together in a spirit of compromise and co-operation'

It is announced that Mr. Bulganin, former Soviet Prime Minister, has been relieved of his post as Chairman of the State Bank and appointed Chairman of the Economic Council of the Stavropol region

Saturday, August 16

Archbishop Makarios, in a letter to the Governor of Cyprus, rejects new British proposals for the island

The Icelandic Minister of Fisheries says that any attempt by the Royal Navy to support British trawlers fishing inside the twelve-mile limit after September 1 will be regarded as an attack on the island

Two Hungarian 'freedom fighters' raid Hungarian Embassy in Berne and exchange shots with members of staff

Sunday, August 17

First attempt by the United States to launch a rocket to the moon fails

Switzerland, replying to protest by Hungary, disclaims any responsibility for attack on Hungarian Embassy

It is announced that Britain will shortly resume nuclear tests on Christmas Island

Monday, August 18

In U.N. General Assembly, Norway and six other countries table 'compromise' resolution on Middle East in light of declarations by Britain and U.S.A. on withdrawal of their troops from Jordan and Lebanon

Seventeen-year-old Greek Cypriot charged with murder of British sergeant on August 2

Tuesday, August 19

Report of Court of Enquiry into dock wage dispute published

Union official calls upon London busmen not to work to rule tomorrow

Heavy thunderstorms cause flooding in Devon, Cornwall, and Somerset



President
Assembly

The first, but unsuccessful, attempt by the Americans on August 17 to send a rocket to the moon: left, 'Able One' leaving its launching pad at Cape Canaveral, Florida, according to plan. Above, the explosion which occurred seventy-seven seconds later; the trail is that of the instrument container which continued to travel for a short time on its own



Young visitors to Hulton's Boys and Girls Exhibition at Olympia making friends with a variety of animals brought by Mr. George Cansdale (right) to his pets' corner. The exhibition is open until Saturday



Making a start last
Gloucestershire. T

Right: the restore
opened for worship



addressing the special session of the United Nations General Assembly in 1958 when he outlined a six-point plan for establishing peace in the Middle East



Iraqis strolling in the grounds of the royal palace, Baghdad, which was sacked in the revolution of July 14. Both the palace and the house of the murdered Prime Minister, Nuri es Said, are unguarded and are frequented daily by hundreds of sightseers and souvenir hunters



in cutting a field of oats flattened by rain on a farm near Tewkesbury, the wet summer on the harvest is causing serious concern in most parts of the country

ole, the only English Free Church in the City of London, which was destroyed on Sunday. The church was badly damaged by bombs in 1941; rebuilding has cost £430,000



(continued from page 269)

me that he fails. Just so did Miss Sheelagh Delaney, the discovery of the Theatre Royal at Stratford East, give us in her first play 'A Taste of Honey' a North Country tart, her daughter, and a homosexual-art-student, beautifully observed and talking as to the life, and an upper-class drunk with an Oedipus complex who destroyed the world she had created wherever he touched it.

'An Ear for Dialogue'

As playwrights Mr. Osborne and Miss Delaney have strengths which far outweigh their weaknesses. Both have what is called 'an ear for dialogue'. This is much more than being able to reproduce what people say in real life—a skill which Paddy Chayevsky and the American television playwrights have. Mr. Osborne and Miss Delaney project speech, just as an actor projects his voice so as to be heard at the back of the gallery, giving what seems to be conversation, but heightened, shaped, selected—the right words to illuminate the characters who utter them and the circumstances under which they are uttered.

A second strength is that both Mr. Osborne and Miss Delaney have chosen as the protagonists of their plays people who up to now have usually been shown to us only in terms of *cliché*. The English theatre has been mainly middle-class for many years. The middle classes have been its audience; the middle classes have written for it; from the middle classes its actors have come—or at least, if they were not middle-class to begin with, their *métier* has soon made them so. Working-class people in so many English plays and films have been either comic or loyal, or more frequently both; insurance clerks are about as low as our playwrights have been able to go with honesty down the social scale. The worlds to which we have been introduced in 'The Entertainer' and 'A Taste of Honey', however, are new worlds, and seem to be true worlds.

It is as well that the dialogue and the characterisation in the plays of both John Osborne and Sheelagh Delaney are good because they have to take us through the evening. The construction—that is, the interlocking of events that gives shape to a play—is poor. Probably Mr. Osborne, as his attempts to reconstruct 'The Entertainer' seem to indicate, knows that his construction is weak and, as the end-of-term reports say, 'will do better'. But the new 'primitive' theatre has some uncritical admirers. Because Mr. Osborne writes good plays yet his construction is bad, there are those who will say that good plays should be ill-constructed and that well-constructed plays are bad plays. Because Mr. Osborne and Miss Delaney write vividly and convincingly about what are called the C and D classes, there are those who say that only plays about the C and D classes are 'real', and that the A and B classes are 'unreal' or in some way less real.

Consequently, among all the froth and fizz of experiment and talk of serious artists, we do not hear that the experimenting managements are producing any of the plays of John Whiting, one of the most important playwrights to appear since the war, who has the misfortune to write very carefully constructed plays about mainly upper-class people. And when a play like Peter Shaffer's 'Five Finger Exercise' comes along

and is not only well constructed but is also set in the weekend cottage of a rich family with a sensitive son, it is likely to be undervalued by a public educated to other tastes, and rather airily dismissed by social-realist reviewers in the Sunday newspapers.

This is a pity, because it is not only silly but dangerous to the theatre; it encourages originality at the expense of craft. It leads, for instance, to productions of such plays as Bernard Kops' 'The Hamlet of Stepney Green'. Poor Mr. Kops has been unkindly treated by reviewers, and I mention him here only because, as long as the new way of looking at things persists, it is the Kopses rather than the Shaffers whom the grant-givers and the experimental managements seem to be encouraging, under the belief that they are thus getting 'new blood' into the theatre. One good director, speaking to me of another play by Mr. Kops, said of it defensively: 'Well, there are some very powerful scenes in it'—as if 'powerful scenes' in that sense were not the easiest part of a play to write. Most would-be playwrights—and there are a great many—write or try to write 'powerful scenes'; it is a kind of masturbation. 'Powerful scenes', if they are to be meaningful in the context of a play, do not exist on their own like exercises specially written for a Method School. They look back to what has gone before and will affect what is to come. Just so are the 'powerful scenes' in 'Five Finger Exercise', which has its fair share of them.

One might almost believe that Mr. Shaffer has written 'Five Finger Exercise' deliberately to tease the *avant-garde*. The sensitive son, the possessive mother, the pert teenage daughter, the phlegmatic father, the french windows, the drinks table, the piano off-stage—these are the props of the English repertory play.

'But see', says Mr. Shaffer in effect, 'I can take these props and these stock characters, and like Elisha I can breathe into the nostrils of the dead and make them live. I can strip these people for you, layer by layer, breaking them down, not as Ionesco might do by breaking down their language, but by giving them language and letting them break themselves down in conflict with one another. I can add a dimension to them by introducing a character who sees them only in an ideal version, and so leads them to accept—or at least ask for the courage to accept—the real version. I can take a pretentious, silly, greedy woman and the mean, bullying husband she despises, and I can make you see why they have become such people, and yet hate them as you pity them for the harm they do. Why! I can take these remnants and make you weep for them'.

One Artificial Finger

And he has done it. Or at least he has nearly done it, for it is fair to say that, of the five fingers, one is artificial. The mother and father, the son, and the tutor in 'Five Finger Exercise' live and can move us, but the pert daughter is a stock character, needed as comic relief, needed structurally, but never alive.

As if the play itself were not enough, 'Five Finger Exercise' offers another interesting theatrical experience in the opportunity to contrast the two different methods of acting employed by Brian Bedford as the son and Michael Bryant as the tutor. Mr. Bryant—if I may judge from the three performances of his that

I have seen—is a protean actor, treating each character he plays as a fresh problem in interpretation, using his own identity, as it were, only as protoplasm to be moulded into the form the play demands. Mr. Bedford, with almost equal technical skill, seems to have been creating for himself a *persona*—I have watched it grow from a performance at the Arts in 'The Young and the Beautiful' through his Rodolpho in 'A View from the Bridge' through his Ariel in 'The Tempest', and now here it is again in 'Five Finger Exercise', stronger with each new accretion, a powerful instrument for the communication of feeling. You might say that Mr. Bedford eats plays and Mr. Bryant is eaten by them. The result in both cases is rewarding, and I hope that you will go to see this play.

—Comment (Third Programme)

The 'Cossacs' of St. James's Square

(continued from page 258)

necessary preliminaries into effect. We were indeed the embryo of the great invasion.

At long last came the great day when commanders were appointed, General Eisenhower to Supreme Command, Field-Marshal Montgomery to the post of honour in command of the early stages of the whole affair, Admiral Sir Bertram Ramsay to command the combined naval support and Air Chief Marshal Sir Trafford Leigh-Mallory to command the combined tactical air support. For them it was no longer a matter of recommending; they could demand and get what they thought was needed. How brilliantly the thing was done is now a matter of history, history of which the Cossac staff wrote the opening paragraphs in Norfolk House, St. James's Square, during the summer of 1943.

In soliloquising, in rhapsodising, on military achievement it has always been necessary in the past to take care not to say or write anything that may prejudice future events. With advancing years there comes the temptation to patronise one's successors, to express pious hopes that they, in their turn, may do as well as their fathers have done before them. There has been painstaking effort to deduce lessons from experience for future guidance. Little of that applies any more now. For those two atom bombs that burst over Japan in 1945 drew a thick red line across the page of military history. Never again can the world see the like of Operation 'Overlord', which is already as old a story as those of the exploits by William of Normandy and Julius Caesar.

But there is more to warfare than weapons and skill in their use, more even than plans and procedures. There must be the power of the human spirit and the indefinable quality of leadership that can evoke the will to victory. How immensely fortunate we were in the men who took up the task when Cossac became General Eisenhower's Supreme Headquarters. None so well as he could have fanned into flame the little fire that Cossac had lit. The Cossac spirit carried on into Shaef and through to triumph. Operation 'Overlord' may be old-fashioned stuff now, but it will be a bad day if, in any future crisis, the moment does not produce the leader to inspire success as it did fourteen years ago.—Home Service

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Coming to Terms with the Arabs

Sir,—I found Mr. Michael Ionides' talk on the Middle East, which was printed in THE LISTENER of August 7, very stimulating and challenging, but would like to raise three questions in connection with it.

First, I feel that Mr. Ionides skated over the matter of United Arab Republic propaganda. I do not doubt that Western diplomacy provides ample ammunition in itself, but, in practice, this is continuously supplemented by a stream of vituperative and scurrilous propaganda from Cairo radio, of a kind which we have learnt to associate with regimes that bode ill for the world's peace.

Then, I fear that the problem of Israel is too optimistically dismissed, largely, I suspect, because Mr. Ionides' associations have been mainly with Iraqis rather than Egyptians or refugee Jordanians. In order to gain Arab trust we have to support an Israel settlement acceptable to them, and the evidence for supposing that an Arab acceptance of a *de facto* Israel, even with '1947 Resolution' boundaries, would constitute such a settlement in Arab eyes, is extremely flimsy. On the other hand, nothing short of force—and that greater than the Arabs together could muster—would secure Israeli acceptance of a reversion to these boundaries, as Mrs. Meir very recently affirmed.

Lastly, I quite genuinely would like to know whether there are any rational grounds for the continual Arab assertion that Britain is to blame for the existence of the State of Israel, apart, that is, from a dogmatic supposition that the 1917 Balfour Declaration was solely and directly responsible for Israel as she is today.

As it appears to me, the rapid conversion of our Labour Government—contrary to its protestations in opposition—to the official Foreign Office view that British support for the creation of a Jewish homeland would endanger our oil supplies by alienating the Arabs, resulted in a mood of disillusion amongst the Jews, which manifested itself in increased illegal immigration into Palestine, and an outbreak of terror, sponsored by an underground organisation on the now familiar pattern, directed against Britain, the mandatory power. The United States Government, sensitive to the Jewish lobby, and the Russian Government seeing the possibility of endless disruptions and of the acquisition of a pseudo-satellite in the Middle East, both backed the Jews, and Britain was almost universally condemned for her recalcitrance. When Israel was finally proclaimed from within, Russia was the first to recognise the new state *de facto*. At the end of the Arab-Jewish war it was only a threat to Israel of British intervention, intimated by Mr. Bevin through the American ambassador, that prevented the complete overrunning of Egypt by Israelis aided by Communist arms, chiefly from Czechoslovakia. I have never heard a Zionist express gratitude for Britain's alleged devotion to the cause of the establishment of a

Jewish State in the Middle East. Can Arab arguments be substantiated?

Yours, etc.,

Hove, 4

TREVOR J. MACDONALD

The Bases of American Foreign Policy

Sir,—In the broadcast entitled 'The Bases of American Foreign Policy', published in THE LISTENER of July 31, Professor Mosely said: 'What we need . . . is a strengthened, not a weakened, Nato, a Nato equipped to stand off the threat of the Soviet intercontinental missiles when they are ready in operational numbers, perhaps in two or three years'.

What precisely does the Professor mean by 'standing off' the threat of the I.C.B.M.s? Is his picture one of the Russians and Americans exchanging intercontinental missiles over our heads whilst we and the Russians engage in intermediate missile nuclear in-fighting? Other remarks in this broadcast could be quoted to illustrate the muddled thinking now widespread on defence questions in the nuclear age. If the present colossal scale of American nuclear armament is considered to be only just sufficient to deter the Soviet Union, how on earth does the Professor suppose that, to quote his words: 'a strengthened Europe can, I believe, maintain a deterrent of its own against Soviet nuclear attack'?

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1

STEPHEN KING-HALL

Developing Backward Countries

Sir,—In his broadcast on 'How to Develop Backward Countries' (THE LISTENER, August 7), Mr. David Belloch considers 'development' as 'primarily . . . disturbing the equilibrium of a society, and . . . of an ecology'. May I submit that upsetting social or 'ecological' equilibrium may be one of the results of 'development' but does not by itself constitute 'development'.

'Development', in the sense in which Mr. Belloch uses the word, means exploitation of the resources of a country by modern methods and for the benefit of its people.

Mr. Belloch states that 'without the social and intellectual movements', from the times of ancient Greeks down to Renaissance, and the 'bloody political upheavals and strife which accompanied them', the British and the Western 'industrial revolution could never have taken place'. This appears to suggest by implication that until the so-called backward countries go through 'countless wars and revolutions', there is no chance of their being able to bring about the industrial development of their countries. The industrial revolution in the West was not initiated by 'bloody political upheavals and strife' but by men like Watt and Stephenson who were keenly interested in solving certain problems and were ingenious enough to make use of what scientific knowledge and experience was available at the time.

This is not to deny that political upheavals

like the first and second world wars did not impart tremendous impetus to scientific discovery and its application. It is suggested however that the equivalents for peaceful purposes of the tank and the atom bomb would have been developed in any case, though perhaps a little later. This is being demonstrated these days.

Mr. Belloch argues that 'development' cannot 'obviously' be achieved by transferring 'tangible and material commodities as money, equipment and technical skill' from industrially advanced to backward countries. He thinks it is 'not merely economy but society' which has to and 'can develop, but each society must develop . . . at the speed appropriate to its circumstances'. The successful industrial development carried out by U.S.S.R. in its most remote and backward territories does not support Mr. Belloch's assertions.

Nor are universal literacy, freedom from superstitious beliefs, emancipated womanhood, and some other conditions which Mr. Belloch mentions, indispensable prerequisites for industrial development. All the social and economic conditions he mentions are the benefits received from 'the plenty' which industrialisation alone makes available. That in fact is the reason why backward countries so earnestly desire to develop their own resources. At the time industrial revolution began in Britain there was no universal literacy, freedom from superstition, or emancipated womanhood. Industrialisation does however demand an efficient and stable government of the people for the people, with a will to work out their own economic salvation and with the necessary means to achieve the desired targets in resource development. Any plans for industrialisation must inevitably correctly allocate a country's resources in men, money and materials to competing demands. It is only under the above conditions that 'foreign advice' can be useful in acquainting the planners and the technologists with the latest ideas and methods developed in the West for obtaining certain specific results.

The task before the Colonial Powers in this respect is quite clear. It is not enough to train the people of backward countries for administrative (from ministerial level down to local government) and even technical appointments in the government. It is not sufficient to have a sprinkling of lawyers, doctors, engineers and other professional people, with a fair number of clerks and civil servants. It is essential so to educate the whole population as to convert it from unskilled workers into skilled craftsmen and technicians, with adequate numbers of technologists, engineers, scientists, economists, planning experts and others required for the industrialisation of the country and to train them by actual 'development' in the science and technique of resource development before the foreign governing power grants independence to colonial peoples. The principal reason why backward countries clamour for independence is that they wish to have the opportunity—and they must

have the necessary ability and training—to so carry out the development of their resources as to dispel penury, pestilence and ignorance from their lands.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.5

L. ZUTSHI

Sir,—It is stimulating to be reminded by Mr. Blleloch of the need for a catholic viewpoint in attempting to provide technical assistance to underdeveloped countries.

But the individual technical adviser, though he may hold similar views, is charged with the job of introducing that part of his expertise which he considers to be of value to the host country. And in doing so he meets many frustrations which arise partly because, as Mr. Blleloch shows well, underdevelopment, in his sense, is likely to result from a society which has developed differently from ours, rather than from a lack of particular resources, especially technical skills.

It has for too long been widely and wrongly assumed that inserting a technical skill into a different society will automatically overcome that aspect of underdevelopment to which it is applied.

Clearly, the problem of underdevelopment lies far deeper than mere techniques which are often not all that difficult to glean from the literature. The prime problem of advice appears to be concerned with a sociological study of underdevelopment either generally, or, better, in particular spheres of activity, in order to help the recipient country to decide what technical advice could be valuable under the circumstances, in those spheres.

If the technical aid agencies are allowed to assume the role of advising on which technical advice could be valuable, the chosen technical adviser might subsequently pursue his narrow course much more successfully. For this to come about the planning commission of the host country concerned would need to believe that no autonomy is lost through receiving advice about which technical advice it should ask for.

Yours, etc.,

Amptill

R. J. COURSHÉE

The Church and Divorce

Sir,—Even if it is true that the exception mentioned by St. Matthew is a later interpolation, does it not still show that the indissolubility of marriage had proved too hard for the Church to which his Gospel was addressed and so they allowed an exception? St. Paul also we know recognised an exception. The Eastern Church, as Canon Bentley (*THE LISTENER*, August 14) allows, has long made an exception.

The Roman Catholic Dictionary—see an article in the April number of *The Hibbert Journal*—says that divorce was allowed in Spain till the thirteenth century, in Germany till the seventh century, in Britain till the tenth century.

The article goes on to say that the absolute indissolubility of marriage was not universally accepted even as late as the sixteenth century and goes on to give a list of a number of causes for which a decree of nullity can still be obtained in the Roman Church.

In the Church of England the innocent party could be married in church till the present

century. Bishop Winnington Ingram used to state that when Bishop Creighton was Bishop of London he ordered his clergy—of which Winnington Ingram was one—to take the marriage of the innocent party in church and few of our bishops can equal the reputation of Creighton as an ecclesiastical historian. The Church of Scotland allows the innocent party to be married in church and no one would call their discipline lax.

The Church in America grants a decree of nullity for incompatibility—witness the presence at Lambeth of a Bishop who has obtained such a decree.

It looks therefore as if the Church of England in allowing no exception to the rule that death alone can end a marriage is a case of Athanasius *contra mundum*. But I am sure that there are many Englishmen who doubt whether the mind of the Church of England is really expressed through its bishops or its Convocation.

There are pressure groups within the Church to which even Bishops and Archbishops must bow.

The mind of the Englishman is not logical like that of his Italian or French contemporary, and when he sees the hardships which the solicitor in a former discussion (*THE LISTENER*, August 7) pointed out, he does not pass them by on the other side—he stoops to pity and in so doing he believes he is nearer to the Divine Mind.

Yours, etc.,

Newton Ferrers

C. H. D. GRIMES

Sir,—Canon FitzGerald was presumably too much of a gentleman to mention one obvious difference between a lawyer and a priest when it comes to their views on divorce: the lawyer makes a handsome profit out of broken homes. Consulted by a man or woman seeking a solution to family difficulties, the lawyer will tend therefore—‘human nature being what it is’—to suggest legal proceedings: and under Legal Aid he can’t lose. What’s more, ‘the other side’ is immediately stimulated to embark on an equal expenditure of private or public funds—which is, of course, all grist to the legal mill.

Surely it would be possible to devise some way in which lawyers, like doctors, could be paid *per capita*—so that the less the pathology in their practice, the less the work for the same money. Many more lawyers might then come to agree with the views of Canon FitzGerald—if not entirely for the right reasons.

Yours, etc.,

Horsham

STEPHEN BLACK

The Problem of the Conurbations

Sir,—In his talk on ‘The Problem of the Conurbations’ (*THE LISTENER*, August 7) Professor Myles Wright said: ‘There is every sign that conurbations will continue to grow in population or size or both’. This is, I think, only partly true. The 1951 Census revealed that apart from Greater London and Greater Birmingham all the conurbations were either increasing their population at a rate far lower than the nation as a whole or (in the case of Greater Manchester) were even losing population. At the same time many free-standing towns, well away from the main industrial areas, were growing fast. This suggests a centrifugal rather than a centripetal trend. But possibly

this trend had been slowed down since 1951 through the action of the Board of Trade in directing industries to the ‘Development Areas’, many of which (like Merseyside) are actually conurbations—hardly a sign of spontaneous expansion.

Conurbations are outdated, a product of a phase in our economic development when most industries had to be near supplies of raw coal. That is no longer generally necessary and the sooner the population is encouraged to redistribute itself on a more rational basis the better.

Yours, etc.,

Chichester

DAVID W. LLOYD

Fundamental Beliefs

Sir,—It is certainly truer to call Florence Nightingale a ‘freethinking deist’ than an orthodox Christian. But in her *Suggestions for Thought* she speaks of Christ as ‘the wisest and best of our instructors’ and states her belief that ‘there is a Perfect Being of whose thought the universe in eternity is the incarnation’ and that ‘the carpenter’s son, who humanly did not know that the earth moved round the sun . . . had a truer conception of deity than the philosopher’. (She then adds the quaintly characteristic comment that this conception would have been ‘still truer’ if it could have included the scientific knowledge of Laplace.) Years later she described General Gordon’s death as ‘the triumph of failure, the triumph of the Cross’. This language suggests that there was still a considerable Christian strain in her deism.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.3

RICHARD REES

In Fernem Land . . .

Sir,—I have been hoping that someone would write to endorse what Mr. Dyneley Hussey said about the opening performance of ‘Lohengrin’ at Bayreuth (*THE LISTENER*, July 31). In general, I agree with him. It is, of course, obvious that no amount of clever stage production can compensate for shortcomings on the musical side and that one is at a disadvantage in criticising a performance heard only on the wireless. Nevertheless, opera is primarily something to be listened to and the attentive music-lover must realise the soundness of Mr. Hussey’s judgement. As one who has visited Bayreuth several times during many years, I felt grievously disappointed. In fact, I have no hesitation in saying that this performance was unworthy of Bayreuth and its wonderful traditions, apart from the actual playing of the orchestra and some of the chorus singing.

What, however, I should like particularly to draw attention to is this. It seemed to me that in the last act there were two very bad cuts: one at the end of Lohengrin’s narration and another shortly after, where a considerable amount of music for the chorus was left out. Did any of your readers observe this?

Yours, etc.,

Edinburgh, 3

D. C. PARKER

‘Armchair Voyage’

Sir,—I should like to endorse very strongly Mr. K. W. Gransden’s concluding remarks (*THE LISTENER*, July 31) regarding the inclusion of ‘trivia’ in the Hellenic cruise of Sir

Mortimer Wheeler. So many documentary and travel films are spoilt by these and by the dreadful music.

I was told by a producer once that one has to play to all parts of the house, but surely in television it is not necessary to carry this out through each item of the programme.

Yours, etc.,

Lee-on-Solent

H. B. WHISTLER

'Chinese Art'

Sir,—I feel I must say something to defend my book, *Chinese Art*, from the attack launched upon it by your reviewer, whoever he may be. He starts off by saying that I study eight selected art forms 'not in the period of maturity but in that of their early development'. But what do these expressions mean? By 'early development' we must certainly understand a formative or embryonic stage, whether artistic or technological, and I deny that any of my art forms, with the exception of jade, are studied in such a phase. As for 'period of maturity', who is to say what that is, in the case of an art form having a history of three thousand years or more? There would, nevertheless, be general agreement that bronze art reached its artistic and technical zenith during the historical periods in which I discuss it. Many would be prepared to say that Han lacquers and silks, chosen by me for discussion, have never been excelled. Two world authorities, Sirén and Yetts, consider that Chinese Buddhist sculpture began to decline during the period immediately after I close my account of it. And I have yet to discover why Sung pottery should be considered any more mature than T'ang, or Ming painting more mature than Sung. Architecture I discuss against no particular historical background. Of course

it is true I do not cater for readers who, to use a word your reviewer cannot seem to disentangle himself from, are 'interested' in Sung porcelain, or 'interested' in Ming lacquers 'recently come into favour', or 'interested' in the later jades: indeed I say so myself at the outset, and try to explain why these and other phases of Chinese art have had to be excluded.

Again, he says that 'the author enters into detailed discussion of almost every argument ever put forward on the subjects with which he is concerned' and that this 'adds much to the bulk of the book, but not to our knowledge'. To whose knowledge? He cannot be unaware that the book is not meant for sinologists—although the Professor of Chinese at Oxford tells me he is asking to have it put on the list of books to be read for Honours, in place of one of those earlier works which your reviewer says I 'undertake to consider'. But my two volumes are intended for people who know little or nothing about the subject, and would like to learn, just as is every other volume in the Pelican series; and the criticism is therefore irrelevant.

Your reviewer says that I treat of Chinese painting in the same way as did Petrucci and Hirth, writing fifty years ago. I have not read Petrucci's views, nor those of Hirth, on Chinese painting; but I doubt if this could possibly be true in any case, since I think and write in my own generation, not theirs. As for the 'veritable quagmire' of psychological argument into which I am supposed to lead the reader in the course of this chapter, these are emotive words, and I think are meant to be. I have done no more than point out that the nature of the visual image, from which the traditional Chinese painter habitually worked, differed from that of the European. My speculation on the possible role played by eidetic images, which I suspect is the

'psychological quagmire', may or may not find corroboration in the writings of Chinese painters about their craft; but I certainly think it was worth making.

Yours, etc.,

Shalford

WILLIAM WILLETTTS

[Our reviewer writes:

I am sorry Mr. Willetts has misconstrued certain passages in my review. It is possible that as he has misunderstood me, I have also done him the injustice of misunderstanding him. It is clear that there are many points on which we disagree, but the fundamental one here would appear to be on the type of book 'intended for people who know little or nothing about the subject, and would like to learn...']

'Edward King and our times'

Sir,—In a review of Lord Elton's book *Edward King and our times* in THE LISTENER of August 14, my father, Alexander Wood, is mentioned as one of the modern 'saints' produced by the Church of England.

It is very heart warming that Lord Elton should recognise the quality of my father's Christian living in this way, but he is mistaken in thinking that my father was a product of the Church of England. He was brought up in the established Church of Scotland, and on coming to England in 1902 he transferred his membership to the Presbyterian Church of England, in which he became a distinguished layman.

As I have not yet had an opportunity of reading Lord Elton's book, I do not know whether the mistake is explicit in the book or merely implicit in the phrasing of the review, but I think that all your readers would be likely to draw the obvious inference that Alexander Wood was a member of the Church of England.—Yours, etc.,

Birmingham, 30

ELEANOR WOOD

Gardening

How to Grow *Luculia Gratissima*

By F. H. STREETER

LUCULIA GRATISSIMA is not known nearly as well as it should be. It was introduced to this country from the Himalayas in the early nineteenth century and is one of the most showy of greenhouse plants. I am sure if you saw a *Luculia* growing up the back wall of a cool house, or trained up against the uprights of the house in full flower, you would never forget it. It will grow up from about ten feet to twenty feet high, and is a mass of flower, especially in the late summer and autumn. How can I describe these lovely flowers? Imagine a head of elderberry flowers but each flower an inch across and a lovely shade of pink. These rose-coloured flowers, formed at the end of the shoots, are very fragrant too, and as the foliage turns a slight bronze shade with age the whole effect is most pleasing.

Luculias require loam and peat in equal parts, with enough silver sand to open and keep the whole nice and porous. Always keep the roots on the moist side when they are flowering, as they like a lot of water. When they have finished flowering in December they should be cut back and then kept dry until April.

If you have room to plant a *Luculia* in your cool house, say at the end, opposite the door,

make a good well-drained bed four feet by two and two feet deep, with six to nine inches of broken brick for drainage, and fill with turfy loam and peat. Keep the loam and peat in as large pieces as you can, not too much fine soil, and mix a few crushed pieces of broken brick with it. This will then last sweet and clean for twenty years or more. Pests are not very troublesome: mealy bug used to worry the plant a good deal, but present-day insecticides are a sure cure for that brute, and you can often find the most lovely specimens of *Luculia* growing in those old winter gardens and conservatories of bygone days looking as well as ever.

There is another method of growing *Luculias*—that is in three-inch pots. One head of bloom to each plant nine inches to a foot high.

These make lovely house plants. The one snag about them is the propagation. They are about the most difficult plant I know to root until you have mastered the technique. I have found that by taking off well-ripened shoots in September with a heel and placing three shoots in three-inch pots filled with silver sand, watering them in and standing them in hand lights or the old bell glasses, and keeping them

perfectly airtight and shaded, I have got a good percentage to root.

After about two months the young leaves will begin to freshen, then you admit a little air and gradually harden them off. Next pot them off singly into three-inch pots.

Another *Luculia* is *Pinceana*. This is easier to manage and has white flowers and is even more fragrant than *Gratissima*. It strikes easier and is rather a stronger grower, but the treatment, soil conditions, and other requirements are exactly the same.

These plants are real treasures in any garden with a small cool greenhouse that is frost-proof. Unfortunately, they are not quite hardy and I have never seen them growing outside in this country.—*Network Three*

Deep Freezing at Home, by F. D. Smith and Barbara Wilcox (Andre Deutsch, 15s.) tells you how to buy, instal, use and maintain a home, farm, or hotel freezer, and gives detailed instructions on how to prepare, freeze, thaw, and cook all types of food. It includes a comprehensive collection of recipes. The authors, who have a farm, find that their deep freezer enables them to enjoy the fruits and vegetables of early summer in midwinter; to take advantage of gluts, and to prepare in advance the extra food needed on special occasions.

Art, Anti-art, and Italy

By DAVID SYLVESTER

A SURFEIT of Italian painting might turn the most avid consumer of art into an iconoclast. Doubtless Italy has produced more great painting than all the other countries put together, but no other country's run-of-the-mill painting is positively exasperating. There is something about the interminable galleries of Quattrocento and Cinquecento altarpieces in Italian museums which arouses disgust at the whole idea of art. The sweetness of it makes one feel one has been living off a diet of ice cream sundaes and wedding cake. And there is also the artificiality of it, as at a party at which one is surrounded by actresses and models and longs for the sight of a woman. The trouble with Italian art is that it is so artistic.

One of the most characteristic peculiarities of twentieth-century art has been its tendency to question the status and purpose of art (on the assumption that the value of art cannot be taken for granted), and secondarily to question the validity of the European tradition. And it is Italian art above all that has thereby been called in question, for we instinctively tend to equate Art with Italian art, because of the weight of the Italian contribution, and also, perhaps, because of the very artistic look that Italian art has. (It is significant that the fashion for Spanish art which arose in Paris in the second quarter of the nineteenth century more or less coincided with the beginnings of the tendency to ask whether and how the existence of art could be justified: Spanish art seemed precisely less artistic, rougher, than the Italian, and thus closer to life.)

It can scarcely be fortuitous that the twentieth century's revulsion against the museums (meaning the museums of European painting and sculpture, certainly not the museums of ethnology, or those of science and natural history) has found its most violent expression in Italy. The Dadaist contempt for artistic tradition, for 'culture', was gently ironic by comparison with the fervent hatred of it expressed by the Italian Futurists. Moreover, the Futurists came first. And they were not the first Italians to be anti-Art. Medardo Rosso stayed away from Florence for thirty years because Florence was the hub of the Renaissance; one of the reasons for his break with Rodin was that he thought his friend too much the maker of conventional statuary. Rosso was in many ways the counterpart among sculptors of Monet, and Monet, certainly, was no lover of the museums: but he was only indifferent to them; Rosso railed against them. Today, the Italian revulsion from Italian culture is manifest afresh in the neo-Futurist *Spazialismo* group.

Modern art in Italy, stemming as it does from Rosso on the one hand, the Futurists on the other, is thus firmly based upon a revulsion against Art. And the tragedy of modern Italian art is that this is the last thing we would have supposed to be the case if the only evidence had been the works themselves. The Italian galleries of the Palazzo Centrale at the Giardini in Venice

for two reasons. In the first place, the masters are much more richly represented by the illustrations than the lesser figures are, whereas in Signor Ballo's book the masters and the insignificant are treated more or less equally. In the second place, the reproductions in Signor Carrieri's volume have the advantage of being mainly in half-tone. Colour-reproductions of

paintings so richly coloured are bound to show them to disadvantage, even if the reproductions are accurate, because the reduction in scale intensifies the gaudiness of the effect. The coloured book, therefore, cannot be recommended, though Signor Ballo's sensible and informative text should be read. The other book is worth its price: the reproductions are arranged with real imagination, and much of the material reproduced is unfamiliar, notably much of the work of the 'Metaphysicals'. Signor Carrieri's text is a curious mixture of vague rhetoric and judicious, illuminating quotation. Whether it is factually reliable I cannot say, but it does contain one howler so fantastic as to arouse grave doubts: 'Baudelaire wrote his essay on Constantin Guys, painter of modern life, in 1883'. The sentence that follows

makes it clear that this is not a misprint or a slip of the pen.

The combination in modern Italian art of anti-Art theory and arty practice is a classic example of the fact that in art, whatever your theories, instinct will always break through. The instincts of the Futurists, the instincts of the current Italian abstractionists, and of the neo-realists, are the instincts which guided the general run of Italian painters in the past. It is at once the virtue and the drawback of Italian painting that it is essentially a popular art. Like all popular art, it is, in the first place, obvious, because it has to get the message across; and, in the second, it is not produced in a spirit of inquiry, but is put together with ready-made elements—formulas and *clichés* pulled out of a marvellous bag of tricks. An art like this can only function when the subject-matter has an evident and general and accessible human import—when it is religious or mythological (and it is precisely in history painting, not in portrait, still life, or landscape, that Italian painting is supreme). There is thus a contradiction between the typical Italian approach to art and the typical content of twentieth-century art; since this is rarely a dramatic situation of which the work is an expression but is something scarcely distinguishable from the means of expression. It is significant that in the work of the 'Metaphysicals' the relation between form and content is of the traditional kind.



'Energy of a Cyclist' (drawing), 1912, by Umberto Boccioni
From 'Avant-Garde Painting and Sculpture in Italy'

present us biennially with the richest and most sustained experience of cloying artiness that contemporary art can offer—and that is saying a good deal. And though it may not be a matter of great consequence what is more or less arty in our present dreary decadence in the years leading up to the 1914 war, when European art as a whole was bursting with vitality, Italian Futurist art was woefully lacking in the energy and virility it professed to convey.

What would a reading of the manifestos of the Futurists lead us to expect their paintings would be like? Something, I would have thought, like the early Léger ('The Wedding Feast' and the war pictures): something hard, powerful, and austere. What they are in fact are ornamental configurations of lazy, flaccid, *art nouveau* arabesques coloured like cellophane wrappings for chocolates or the illuminated glass panels on a mighty Wurlitzer. Such sagging forms and vulgar overloaded colouring are horribly persistent throughout modern Italian painting, so that the experience of turning over the pages of a new giant picture-book, all in colour, on modern Italian art* is one of almost unrelieved depression: the main relief is provided by the work of the 'Metaphysical' painters—the early Chirico, Carrà, and Morandi—work as noble as it is instinct with poetry. Another bumper survey of the subject, which appeared three years ago and has lately been published in an English edition†, is a less depressing volume

* *Modern Italian Art*. By Guido Ballo. Thames and Hudson. £7 7s. † *Avant-Garde Painting and Sculpture in Italy 1890-1955*. By Raffaele Carrieri. Tiranti. £7

The Listener's Book Chronicle

From Blackmail to Treason. By Louis Ducloux, translated by Ronald Matthews. Deutsch. 18s.

THE FORMER CHIEF of the Criminal Investigation Department of the Sûreté is anxious to demonstrate that the French police force has been misrepresented. It is not, he insists, a political engine, a veritable Cheka. To support this absolution, he describes in some detail the behaviour of the myrmidons of the *rue des Saussaies* in three cases, that of the suicide of Léon Daudet's son, Philippe, in 1923, that of Stavisky which exploded in the bloody riots at the Pont de la Concorde on February 6, 1934, and that of the Cagoulards in 1937. It is fair to say he makes out his case.

Few people believed that the police killed poor overgrown fourteen-year-old Philippe Daudet, probably not even his father, who accused them of murder out of vain self-importance. M. Ducloux traces the boy's movements in the last days of his life and (as the courts subsequently did) disposes of Léon Daudet's accusations. In fact, he makes it appear that Philippe's abnormality was inherited from his father. Certainly no educated man, as Daudet was, could for forty and more years continue the stream of scatological abuse which disfigured the *Action Française* unless he was maladjusted. And that in turn provokes speculation about the by no means normal author of *Lettres de mon Moulin*.

Over the Stavisky case, while exculpating the police, M. Ducloux is, alas! as discreet as a clam. Although he recounts the efforts of the Sûreté through years to catch up with this gigolo, forger, cheating gambler and company promoter, he is not very illuminating. He absolves the unhappy M. Prince whose academic handling of the evidence allowed Stavisky to pursue his predatory career, and who in the end carried out his own hideous death. Equally he absolves M. Thomé, the director of the Sûreté, whose dislike of police methods and whose neglect to pass reports to the interested departments gave the quarry another eighteen months' law. He mentions Garat, deputy and mayor of Bayonne, but not the fact that Garat and several other deputies were tried for their connection with the Bayonne pawnshop frauds and some went to gaol. He speaks of the important public figures on the boards of Stavisky's companies, whose existence prevented full public investigation, but not one does he identify. He mentions the proposed transfer of the Prefect of Police, Chiappe, to the Residence in Morocco, but a reader who knew nothing of the affair would never guess that the quarrel between Chiappe and Daladier was very close to the heart of the political trouble. Was the promotion of Chiappe to the plum governorship an easy method of shedding a dangerous man in a key position? Is there any truth in the alleged threats of Chiappe's commissioner to the Prime Minister, Chautemps, should Chiappe be removed? Why at this critical hour was M. Thomé transferred from the Sûreté to the directorship of the Comédie Française—'un flic à la maison de Molière'? None of the key questions is asked or answered.

Similarly, in the affair of the Cagoulards, who in the event became the kernel of the Vichy Milice, we are left guessing. We are told of crimes, hideous murders, sabotage, bomb outrages, arms smuggling, treasonable relations with foreign agents, by what must have been an extensive organisation bent on a fascist revolution. Who were these people? The names could as well be John Doe and Richard Roe; Deloncle, a marine engineer, Darnand, a Niçois removal contractor, Locuty, a chemical engineer of Clermont Ferrand, Dusseigneur, an unimportant general on the retired list. Who was behind them? Who found the enormous sums required to establish these arsenals of weapons and explosives? Why after their arrest in 1937 had not one been brought to trial at the outbreak of war? M. Ducloux says that of the seventy waiting trial at this date, all but twenty were on bail, and these twenty were released to comply with their mobilisation orders. Our author does not mention that when Raoul Dautry took over the Ministry of Armaments in September 1939, he was staggered to discover the chief Cagoulard in an important post.

For all this, M. Ducloux blames the press. True, the press between the wars was viler than before 1914. But before Maurras and Daudet, there had been Drumont, and before Drumont, Rochefort. In those days there had been ministers of strong fibre, a Constans to scare a Boulanger, a Waldeck-Rousseau to arrest a hundred conspirators and to have them tried and sentenced within six months. Not such, the politicians of the 'thirties; a Chautemps gladly resigning in the hour of danger, a Daladier, the first Prime Minister to be driven from office by the 'street' since 1848, while a La Roque, a Pujo, a Goy remained at liberty to preach subversion. 'Le monde moderne avilit', wrote Péguy half a century ago, 'c'est sa spécialité'.

One Landscape Still

By Patrick MacDonogh.

Secker and Warburg. 12s. 6d.

Mr. MacDonogh is a fluent and graceful writer and his work is both pleasant and easy to read:

Six-acre stubble fields provide
In silence of this winter night
No inspiration and no guide
For impregnation of those white
Virginal sheets that wait the pen;

—and so on. The influence of Yeats both in style and in manner permeates the whole of this book. Where Mr. MacDonogh has a *subject* this is all for the good. In such an excellent poem as Feltrim Hill the poet speaks with his own voice, the influence has been fully assimilated.

The quarry eats into the hill,
The hungry lorries come and go,
And Feltrim hill itself will pass
Into the roads below.

It is when Mr. MacDonogh is writing more personally that the manner of Yeats gets in his way:

Certainly I confess whatever thing
I say must pass my armed intelligence
And prove alliance with some sort of sense,—
But then I'll say it if I have to swing!

But he has not got the same personality or temperament, poetically, as Yeats, and his attempts to assume them give an odd kind of ventriloquial effect to his poems. Sometimes he speaks in his own voice, sometimes his doll takes over. A poem called 'Nothing More' is a good example of this. Indeed Mr. MacDonogh seldom achieves completely integrated poems, but he is chock-full of good bits and it is characteristic that his most successful lyrics are the most formal and impersonal ones, such as 'Be still as you are beautiful' or 'Invitation in Winter'. But there is a lot to be said for those who write in what might be called the Irish tradition. This collection will give much pleasure to those who read a book of poems intelligently and without demanding that every poem should be a masterpiece.

Gertrude Bell. 1889-1914. By Elizabeth Burgoyne. Benn. 42s.

Those who have read and enjoyed that classic, the *Letters of Gertrude Bell*, will approach this book eagerly. And they will not be disappointed. Here, distilled from her personal papers, is the life of that very remarkable lady from the time of her coming down from Oxford (with the most brilliant First in History hitherto achieved by any woman) till the spring of 1914.

The eldest daughter of a wealthy and accommodating father, Gertrude Bell had only to show an inclination for travel and every facility was provided. First there was Germany while she was still at Lady Margaret Hall, followed by Rumania 'to get rid of her Oxford manner'. Then, after living at home for three years, she became a helpless victim of wanderlust. Thereafter not a year passed in which she was not on the move. Besides two world tours she took in Austria, Italy, Greece, Asia Minor, Persia where she had her sad and only love affair, Switzerland (repeatedly) where she toughened herself and incidentally displayed astonishing courage by daring climbs under difficult conditions, until finally she reached the crown of her ambitions—Arabia. Long before then—before she was even thirty—marriage and domesticity had been written off. It had become impossible to settle down. 'That's the worst of wandering [she wrote]—it has no end'. And wandering continued until it became a second nature, and the East became her home and England an excuse for a holiday.

Everywhere she travelled fearlessly and with disregard for her life and comfort, and with her flair for languages learning the various tongues as she went. Everywhere friends sprouted by the wayside. Strangers opened their doors to her, sheikhs and shepherds, officials and governors could never do enough to assist her on her road. And wherever she travelled her pen never ceased to maintain an enormous correspondence and fill the pages of her journal. As travel diaries hers have rarely been excelled. Wit, spirit and pungency leaven all she wrote, whatever her changing moods. Her descriptions are masterpieces of inspired brevity—the brevity that comes from an assured command of language and subject matter. Could anyone improve on

her picture of Abdul the Damned returning from a Selamluk: 'He passed by in silence, a worn watchful phantom of royalty'?

The method adopted by Miss Burgoyne has been to allow Gertrude Bell to speak for herself by means of her writings. It is doubtful however if this is altogether satisfactory in dealing with a woman of such strength of character. Gertrude Bell surely needs more objective treatment. One would like to hear more of her impact on others and to have from Miss Burgoyne, who is too self-effacing, a more critical appraisal of one who for all her many virtues and accomplishments was not entirely above criticism. This book, moreover, considering its price, deserves something better than a cheap functional binding and something very much better than a single, inadequate, wretchedly printed map. Nor would a glossary be out of place. As for the index, need one say more than that it lacks the most important name in the book—Gertrude Bell's?

Here I Stand. By Paul Robeson.

Dobson. 10s. 6d.

Paul Robeson. By Marie Seton.

Dobson. 21s.

The title of Paul Robeson's short book suggests the protestant rather than the artist. It is, in fact, largely a personal polemic occasioned by the ill-advised action of United States officialdom in withholding his passport over the past eight years—happily that is over and he is now in England again with his passport in his pocket. It is also an address to his fellow Negro-Americans, a summons to corporate action for 'the long-sought goal of full citizenship under the Constitution which is within our reach'. He tells us of his great-great-grandfather who baked bread for Washington's troops, of his beloved father who was a runaway slave, of his family and his early days. Tucked away as one of five appendices is a note on folk music and the pentatonic scale, reminding us that this man, possessed by racial and political struggle, is one of the world's great interpretative artists and a man who has studied some twenty-five languages, mastering several of them with astounding ease.

There has never, or should never have, been any doubt of Robeson's deep, incorruptible sincerity. What often puzzles his admirers in Britain, where he has always been happy and where he once thought of settling, is the seemingly wilful self-infliction, in the climate of his homeland, of political ostracism in addition to the disabilities of colour. Surely this has proved a disservice to the cause of his people, and there are passages in his apologia which help to explain (though not to excuse its excesses) some of the resentment he has aroused since the triumphant period of 1939-46. The simplicity with which he can hail the Soviet treatment of the Yakuts, 'leaping ahead from tribalism', with no thought of, say, the Crimean Tartars uprooted, exiled, and destroyed; the praise for the Soviet policy over Suez without mention of the infamy in Hungary; the conviction that the cause of racial equality must connote among other things antipathy to Nato; the acceptance of the *sputnik* as a symbol of emancipation—yes, there have been irritants.

Miss Marie Seton's book, which is partisan but profoundly interesting, gives a pattern for it all. It should be read not only as a well written account of Robeson's career on stage and plat-

form and of his remarkable personality but for the attention it directs to the formative experiences of his life. She has known him well enough to point the meetings, conversations, incidents which affected his course. The reception in Moscow, for instance, after a nightmare passage through Nazi Berlin in December 1934, carries complete conviction: of course Paul Robeson would send his son to school in Russia. There is also a description of the near-lynchings of 1939 which may be horrifyingly new to British readers. For, after all, we only want to hear him sing.

The Social History of Lighting

By William T. O'Dea.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 42s.

This book by the Keeper of the lighting collections in the Science Museum is much more entertaining than its title might at first suggest. It is the only comprehensive work on its subject in English (in French there is Henry-René d'Allemagne's *Histoire du Luminaire* of 1891, to which Mr. O'Dea pays tribute) and it is full of curious information about the habits of our ancestors. 'For fifteen or more millennia before Christ to A.D. 1782', the author reminds us, 'there was practically no improvement in lighting at all'. It was, in fact, by much the same light that the Lascaux caves were painted with the running bison and the bull and that Milton sat up late and ruined his eyesight writing his *Defensio Pro Populo Anglicana*—in the one case wicks floating in grease and in the other yellow tallow.

Both oil and tallow were dirty and smelly and required constant attention, and the annoyance people suffered from them must have been intense. Wax candles were expensive and were used only for special occasions, such as balls and royal and ecclesiastical ritual. At Drury Lane many an emotional scene was interrupted by the snuff-boy coming in to attend to smoking wicks. When he snuffed them dexterously he sometimes got more applause than the players themselves. Street lighting, of course, remained an affair of lanterns (for which we are indebted to the Romans) till the introduction of gas in London early in the nineteenth century, when Pall Mall 'had the honour of being the first street in the world to be permanently lit by gas'. But what the poorer districts of London were like even in 1872 may be gauged from Dore's horrifying engraving of Bluegate Fields, reproduced here alongside the same artist's impression of a ball at the Mansion House.

As far as interior lighting is concerned, the situation did not alter materially till the development of the Argand burner in France between 1782 and 1784. But this was still only for the rich. Electric filament lamps were produced from 1845, but none was really practical till a flood of light poured in from America in the shape of Swan and Edison lamps in the late 'seventies. This was the age of electric bulbs that pretended to be flowers, coyly nestling within the trumpets of lilies among copper foliage. But by then the electric bulb was in competition with the incandescent gas mantle, and it was not until 1913 that electric light decisively drew ahead of gas as a means of interior illumination. Now, with the further advance of science, our streets at night are hideous with sodium and fluorescent lighting, that turns the mere pedestrian to the sickly

pallor of a corpse. Gone, for the most part, are the gracefully branching candelabra of earlier days, and going, too is the traditional London street-lamp: in their place are brutal standards of concrete.

Mr. O'Dea has himself experimented with all kinds of lighting and has travelled the world in search of paintings of contemporary night scenes, many of which he has reproduced. O. Wright of Derby he says that his painting 'bear little relation to what could actually have been the lights available in his day' and that it is to de la Tour that we must go for anything like an accurate representation of candle light. Rembrandt, who often painted by candle light, is, in his view, only seen to the best advantage by the same light. Under such heads as *The Home*, *Travel*, *Gaiety* and *Great Occasions*, *Light-houses*, Mr. O'Dea has assembled a fascinating amount of relevant material, and his text is also enlivened by some admirable drawings.

The Labour and the Wounds

By Massimo Salvadori.

Pall Mall Press. 18s.

This book offers an impressive record of the problems and tribulations of Italian liberalism between the end of the first world war and the end of the second. Salvadori believes in human liberty for its own sake as the condition of virtue; this belief has in our day required a courage which demands no reward. It is a belief which, in Salvadori at any rate, is coupled with a determination to avoid agreeable illusions and to face distasteful truth. For this reason his account of his Herculean labours—for such they were—inspires confidence in the reader who becomes aware that this book makes a serious contribution to the history of the period.

There is always a tendency to write off Fascism as insignificant because it was inefficient, and therefore to belittle the opposition to Mussolini's regime. *The Labour and the Wounds* makes it plain that the O.V.R.A. (or Italian secret police) was by no means incompetent and that its agents lagged behind none of the totalitarian police agents of our times in their cruelty. To be sent to the islands was a less hideous experience than to be sent to one of Hitler's concentration camps because the Duce had never thought out anything so systematic. But the preliminary interrogation was fully as terrible in Fascist Italy as in Nazi Germany or Soviet Russia, and the anti-Fascists showed a splendid steadfastness in the face of excruciating tortures: there is no trace of self-glorification about Salvadori's account of his own or his friends' experiences.

Their path was straight and narrow. Salvemini and Carlo Rosselli and the other members of the *Giustizia e Libertà* group could never accept socialism—still less communism—willingness to sacrifice liberty in the name of social justice, however keenly they strove for both things: if they had to choose they chose liberty. Salvadori points out how they had in addition to fight against the illiberal nature of nationalistic sentiment until well into the period of the war. He has learnt, too, how little the masses value liberty even in the Mediterranean countries where each individual is so almost anarchistically aware of himself. On the whole he has most faith in the British and the Swiss as champions of liberty.

Twice driven into exile by his liberal belief, Salvadori lived long enough in Europe, America,

Africa, and of course in this extra-continental island—with which his family was connected—to make many shrewd observations about human nature. At one stage he farmed in Kenya and found 'little difference between the peasants of

Southern Italy, Greece or Spain and these African peasants . . .'. Sometimes he tasted the bitterness of the *déraciné* although he has profound roots in the civilisation of Western Europe. At the end, after describing his return

to Italy to join in the resistance and liberation, he writes 'The twenty years covered in this book were merely an episode. The unending struggle for liberty, man's right and duty to live his own life, knows no respite'.

New Novels

A Death in the Family. By James Agee. Gollancz. 16s.

The Law. By Roger Vailland. Cape. 15s.

Discourse with Shadows. By J. E. Malcolm. Gollancz. 13s. 6d.

The Branding Iron. By Paul-André Lesort. Collins. 10s. 6d.

JAMES AGEE'S last novel was completed before his death in 1955. His American publishers say it is possible that he might have revised it, and they themselves have had to make certain decisions in regard to its arrangement; but many readers will think that not a word could have been helpfully changed.

The theme is death, a sudden, violent death that removes the husband and father of a happy, united family, and the response to it of the mother and her little boy and girl, the warm understanding of relations and friends, the terrible ministrations of a priest. Such is the truth of this book that those who have suffered in this way will seem to find their own experience there. There is the initial shock to the mother, the refusal of her brain to receive the fact, then the overwhelming realisation of hopelessness, final loss: there are her moments of courage and faith, and the others of wild, almost animal grief: others again where her mind helplessly occupies itself with trivialities. A beautiful passage describes that strange sense of the nearness, the presence, the *return*, of one newly dead that comes upon us like a wave of comfort, only to recede, leaving the pain more intense and more bitter. Then there is the mother's duty of telling the children, her attempt as a believing Catholic to explain the Christian view of death, and the devastating childish logic of their replies and questions; and the bewilderment of the children themselves, the desolation of the little boy, who nevertheless brags of the accident to his school-friends, enjoying even in misery the enhancement of his importance: and the deep, deep wounding of the little girl who realises, at this time of all times, that her brother is preferred.

All these things, as well as the feelings of the minor characters, are conveyed with the same extraordinary understanding and in a style that is often magical; but what gives the book its nobility, what entitles us to use the word 'great' in connection with it, is the *valour* of James Agee's own conceptions. He does not baulk at a single hard fact of human existence, he faces the meanness in human nature, he sees the apparent contradictions between God's mercy and the human lot; and yet his book is a long hymn of praise to life. In these days when novelists concern themselves so much with the petty and the ignoble in us, with the 'complexes' and the small social rancours, it is a joyful thing to be reminded for once of the dignity of man and the grandeur of life courageously lived.

Monsieur Vailland calls us sharply back to earth. The subject of his novel is a little Italian port in the malarial belt of the south Adriatic. The atmosphere of such places is superbly con-

veyed: the August sun beating down and burning away all energy and will, the listless unemployed leaning against the walls of the square, the prisoners in the gaol drearily chanting the songs they hear blared from the municipal loud-speakers, the overcrowding and the lack of privacy, the roar of Vespas, the eyes bright with fever, the hunger, hopelessness and frustration.

In these external matters the author's every word rings true, but when he comes to the people themselves it may be wondered if he has done as well. There is a sweetness in Italians which endears them even in their knaveries, and of which Monsieur Vailland seems unaware. His men are brutes, morally and physically: they live for what they call their honour, meaning their vanity, and they rejoice in the humiliation and pain of others: they are lustful, obsessed by women but without affection for them. The peasant women are savage, downtrodden by their men and merciless to each other, while the middle-class wives are trollops or geese. People of a different race and language are hazardous material for any novelist, and these often put me in mind of apparitions in the distorting mirror of a fun fair.

Again, the disadvantage of taking a town, rather than some individuals in it, as the 'hero' of a novel is the difficulty of coming to grips with the personalities, of defining and establishing them, yet subordinating them to the pattern. Of the characters in *The Law* the most alive and solid is Don Cesare, the old landowner and *uomo di cultura*, who in the feudal tradition is both the tyrant and the protector of his household, robbed by one and all, yet still respected, since all know he knows he is being robbed. For the others, Monsieur Vailland is too much the novelist to treat them as mere figures in a landscape, yet he never fully works them out: he makes little tentative explorations and then skips away. But in all respects in which accurate observation and brilliant description are enough, the book merits every praise: it is an excellent piece of writing and the episodes of the narrative are linked together with great skill.

Miss Malcolm's first novel is exceptional, finely felt and finely written. Her 'shadows' are the four survivors of a Nazi concentration camp, not one of the centres of mass butchery but a small, specialised establishment where the effects of torture on different human types are studied with German precision and German method. Pierrot the old man, Hugon the Polish musician, Magda the young girl, and Johann the Jewish boy have seen and experienced things from which recovery is impossible: Johann in fact has become an idiot. They live together in Frankfurt, united by their separation from the

happy normal world, and are joined by Johann's cousin Franz, who was a refugee in England and has come to discover the fates of his kinsmen. All are trying to escape from memory and all are constantly dragged back to it. Franz and Magda fall in love and for a while there seems hope for them, they make plans and enjoy little ordinary innocent pleasures, until the day when they meet the sister of the camp's commandant. This woman was not employed there but used to come of her own choice to watch the particularly interesting experiments for the pleasure of it: the sight of her sitting in the chamber with joyous anticipation on her face would be a warning to the prisoners of what to expect. Under the leadership of Hugon the four now arrange her murder; but at the last moment old Pierrot is injured and his small part in the act has to be played by poor Johann, whose feeble brain is so disturbed by it that, he later kills Magda.

Miss Malcolm is a writer of unusual powers, for she has no personal experience of the camps and her account of them and of what they do to the souls of their victims is a triumph of sympathy and imaginative insight; and, as her honest treatment of the planning of the murder reveals, she knows that evil is a constant in human nature and not confined to the wearers of this or that party badge. Her *Discourse with Shadows* is a grand novel, as free of hatred as of hysteria, and deserves the widest reading.

Monsieur Lesort's short book is the *De Profundis* of a tormented woman, writing a diary in the last few days before she takes her life. She means it to be read by her husband when she is gone, and it begins as an explanation of her intended suicide; but as the days go by she sees, with the clarity of her despair, that the truth of her marriage is quite other than what she had believed. Where she thought herself unworthy, inadequate, a burden on a superior and devoted man, she was in fact the victim of his insane possessiveness and desire for domination. Coldly and deliberately he had tried to kill in her everything but her dependence on himself. The incidents she remembers, particularly concerning his attitude to the illegitimate child she had borne before their marriage, are brilliant in their ambiguity, and the intensity of her search for the truth and of her gradually awakening hatred is wonderfully sustained. The book is a model of French economy and lucidity: Miss Antonia White, surely the best translator we have, has done the English version.

HONOR TRACY

[This is the last of Miss Honor Tracy's articles on 'New Novels'. On September 4, Mr. Goronzy Rees takes over from her.]

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

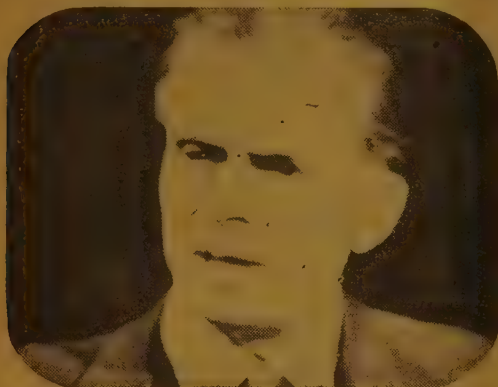
Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Crime Wave

A TELERECORDING of Mike Wallace's interview with Aldous Huxley for the American Broadcasting Company was shown by the B.B.C. on



Aldous Huxley in the telerecording of a production by the American Broadcasting Company on August 11, when he discussed 'Thought Control'

John Cura

August 11. The sage of California, making his first appearance on our screens, looked like a more luminous version of his brother, who is so familiar a figure in British broadcasting: their voices are strikingly similar. Mr. Huxley was talking about the new impersonal threats to our freedom. The nightmares of the brave new world are not those of Orwell but of William Whyte's 'Organisation Man'. The most insidious weapon of commercial technocracy is mass-advertising. It was perhaps reassuring to recall that someone on Madison Avenue was presumably at that moment paying handsomely to sponsor this considered attack on 'subliminal' persuasion: the middlemen's way of by-passing our rational part and appealing to emotions below the reason-level. In the next election campaign, or perhaps the next but one, the candidates may be sold to voters like rival soap-powders, thereby making nonsense of the whole democratic process.

It was like a dose of mescaline to see that sad, noble face, and hear that calm voice in the propaganda-wilderness defending democracy at a time when some who ought to know better seem ready to sell her out. When Mr. Wallace rapped out his 64,000-dollars question, 'Is freedom necessary?', and quoted Soviet Russia, where art, science, and productivity all seem to flourish, Mr. Huxley was ready for him. He thought Russia offered comforts and privileges to top people, not to those lower down the scale: the familiar paradox, in fact, of any aristocratic society.

I did not care especially for Mr. Wallace's style, though I think he probably sounded more boorish than he really is. One had to smile at questions like 'Do you think this nightmare could ever come to these shores?', which suggested that Mr. Wallace wasn't really taking in

the implications of what Huxley was saying—or perhaps the Un-American Activities people were hiding under the table. But the technique of the programme was interesting. Mr. Wallace barked out his brusque, brief, leading questions—I suppose he must have spoken in all for about four of the thirty minutes—and let Mr. Huxley answer at almost lecture-length. At times Mr. Wallace's presence seemed hardly necessary at all; and he certainly wasn't equipped for argument. But that was an advantage, since it was Mr. Huxley we had been invited to meet, and on him, in close-up, the camera focused steadily throughout most of the programme. We were offered the rare spectacle of a highly intelligent man unshakable in the control and expression of his beliefs: 'all the artist can do now is to warn'.

Threats of a more immediately horrifying kind were the subject of last week's 'Press Conference'. We met Victor Riesel, an American journalist and a very brave man. We could see him, but he could not see his four interviewers, because he was blinded by acid thrown at him in a New York street by a gangster out to stop his investigations into corruption in certain American trade unions. One knew from press reports that the underworld has invaded the teamsters' union, but seeing Mr. Riesel in



'Crime Report', a dramatised documentary programme on August 14: a detective-superintendent (right) with two of his colleagues interviewing the owner of a Chinese restaurant

dark glasses and hearing his grim story of fascist terrorism, extortion, arson, and violence made one realise that Kazan's 'On the Waterfront' was documentary, not fiction. I shared Francis Williams' blank astonishment that the police and public opinion have hitherto been powerless to stop these thugs. Mr. Riesel was clearly reluctant to denigrate his own country abroad, but he did make the point that American unions have no socialist philosophy behind them and may be easier game for the unscrupulous; he also came, I thought, pretty near to admitting that violence is part of the American way of life. His blindness has hampered his work but hasn't stopped it: if a clean-up seems on the way at last, it will be largely due to him.

'Press Conference' must have left most viewers thankfully saying 'It can't happen

here'. But in our own capital a sharp increase in the crime rate has just been announced, and Michael Gilbert's dramatised documentary, 'Crime Report', came as a timely reassurance that the blue lamp still burns twenty-four hours a day. This was a brilliantly convincing reconstruction of a London murder investigation. It's a Wednesday night, any Wednesday night, and it's pouring. Incidents are reported, fragments which seem unconnected are gradually assembled like the pieces of a jigsaw: a wallet stolen in a Soho restaurant, a missing ear-ring, a girl found dead on a railway embankment. We followed Inspector Mahood through patient sleepless hours and moments of inspiration until at last, warrant in hand, he knocks on the culprit's door and the jigsaw puzzle is complete. But outside, in the waiting police-car—for this was not a play—more reports were coming in on the radio, another jigsaw was beginning.

'Young Children in Hospital', in the 'Life-line' series, showed us a harrowing film of a lonely two-year-old in a public ward. It was silent, which somehow made it worse: we saw, but could not hear, the child crying. This film was made for doctors some years ago, so why show it to laymen now, unless we were supposed to be congratulating the specialists on having discovered that small children suddenly deprived of their parents become 'disturbed' and need careful 'preparation' and frequent visiting? I thought nowadays they let the mother stay in hospital with her child, but apparently that's only done in primitive, unenlightened places, like Africa and India.

K. W. GRANSDEN

DRAMA

Roman Villa

R. C. SHERRIFF's 'The Long Sunset', which was finely effective as sound radio, stood well up to the television test on Sunday night. The play's period is rarely written about, but it has an important place in our island's story. The Roman Empire has collapsed at the centre and the Roman's day in Britain is consequently passing into the darkness. How did those prosperous Roman land-owners, with their elegant villas, face the menace of the night and of the barbarian beating on the door?

Bravely, indeed, if Mr. Sherriff's Julian be typical, and with a Stoic



'Young Children in Hospital' in the series 'Life-line' on August 14



Michael Gwynn (left) as Julian, Margaretta Scott as his wife, Serena, and Richard Leech as Arthur, in 'The Long Sunset' on August 17

courage. The casting of Michael Gwynn to take the part of the Romano-Kentish squire added to the man's tenacity that actor's endearing quality of gentleness. Here was the mildest Roman of them all, confronting his doom with a firm resolve to meet the end in a manner worthy of the old world-conquering, and not of the debauched fourth-century, Rome. His wife has her new-found Christianity for comfort, and to this he is at last converted.

The end is a little sticky in its sentiment, but the story fascinates with its adventures of the mind probing a period which has left so little on which the historian can certainly work. There is a good shot at bringing Arthur into the story as a robust Cornishman who is no respecter of Rome, but is ready to combat invading Saxons and insurgent Britons. Richard Leech gave him fire and ruggedness; while Margaretta Scott was handsomely the mistress of the villa and the disciple of the new religion.

In James Bridie's 'Dr. Angelus' (August 16) Andrew Cruickshank took the part of the sinister medico once played on the stage by Alastair Sim. His performance richly blended the aspect of one of the more deplorable Roman Emperors with the hypocrisy of an outsize Dickensian scamp. That such an obvious ogre should not have been suspect earlier in his criminal career was no credit to the sagacity of his city, Glasgow. The audience knows him as a murderer from the start, and the play, having no value of surprise, depends on the excellence of its dialogue and what grandeur of villainy the acting can bestow on it. Mr. Cruickshank as the avaricious poisoner was so suavely nefarious that he made it just believable that his young assistant should not have seen through him much earlier. He had splendid assistance from Fulton Mackay who gave a brilliantly persuasive performance of the simpleton.

The production from the Glasgow Studios was well directed by Peter Duguid and well performed by the Glasgow Citizens' Theatre Company with Mr. Cruickshank as a very serviceable guest. The piece may not be the best of Bridie but 'Dr. Angelus' sufficiently rang melodrama's bell.

'Red Rose for Ransom' by Ada F. Kay (August 12) was a tribute to the Lancashire cotton-workers who endured years of extreme

privation rather than trade with the cotton-planters of the slave-owning States during the American civil war. Her story was conventional. In a Darwin home there was a tense, tough mother who had to make do on next to nothing: her heart seemed hard in matters of young love or scholastic ambition, but it could melt at the appropriate moment. Nan Marriott-Watson gave this pillar of Puritan morality, as well as of grim domesticity, a properly solid performance.

The gist of the matter was the toughness of the Red Rose mill-folk who tightened their belts to

that the leader of the opposition, Anytus, has real arguments on his side. He had seen his son go to pieces morally while taking Socratic instruction. Anytus was also, in Gilbert Murray's words, 'one of the heroes of the Restored Democracy, one of the best of that generous band. . . . As he fought his way back through the bloody streets of Piraeus he thought how the same satyr-faced sophist (Socrates) was still in Athens, as happy under the tyrants as under the Constitution, always gibing and probing, and discussing ambiguous subjects with his ruined son. It needed little to convince him that here was a centre of pestilence to be up-rooted'. The death of Socrates, Murray concluded, was a real tragedy. 'Both men were noble and ready to die for their beliefs. It was only the nobler and greater who has been in the end triumphant'.

There was the chance of fine dramatic conflict here, but instead we had Socrates presented by Liam Redmond as a forerunner of the Christian martyrs. Perhaps the script made that inevitable: but it fatally softened and sweetened the real tragedy of the trial and its verdict.

IVOR BROWN



Nan Marriott-Watson as Alice Hesketh and Ian Piper as Harold Hesketh in 'Red Rose for Ransom' on August 12

the uttermost and resented even the best-intentioned charity. 'Love with no Dole' (and not much nattering) might have been the title. I wondered what the present recipients of Welfare State wages and the seekers of National Assistance were thinking of their great-grandparents.

The salute to Lancashire's old regard for moral principle was well worth making even if the piece seemed sometimes to move on stilts along a familiar dramatic road. There must have been thousands of viewers who knew nothing of this remarkable episode in English history and it was well that their darkness should be lightened.

'The Trial of Socrates' (August 13) was disappointing. The wigs were so 'wiggy' that one seemed far closer to Wardour Street than to Athens. More important, the figure of Socrates himself was sentimentalised into a bumbling preacher with a rich vein of Irish charm. Socrates, in fact, was a complete intellectual who believed that virtue and wisdom were identical. He was often an angry old man, moody and bitter as well as humorous and witty. He was devoted to wisdom and sought nothing for himself, but his sceptical questioning did actually send youth astray: he died, it is true, with immense courage and unbroken spirit, a martyr for the freedom of man's mind. But there was more in his enemies than a savage stupidity. Frank Baker's script insufficiently admitted

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Cambridge and Celts

NOVELS LIKE Mr. C. P. Snow's *The Masters* lend themselves successfully to radio treatment. The teller of the story talks his confidences into our ears and guides us out into the action of overheard dialogue. The form of *The Masters* was well preserved by Mr. R. D. Smith's production but the abridgements made necessary by the translation of the story from one medium to another seemed to distort Mr. Snow's picture of the pettiness and jealousy aroused in a Senior Common Room at the time when it is faced with the need to elect a new Master.

In the novel Mr. Snow was objective and spared nobody. His narrative observations were backed by a historical appendix which shows that he regarded Cambridge states of mind in the nineteen-thirties with realist understanding rather than with sympathy. In the radio version of his story I felt that some of this historical objectivity had been destroyed by the cuts which had been made. If the cuts had not favoured one of the candidates for the Mastership more than the other they could have been understood and forgiven. Unfortunately they seemed to favour that representative of Establishment's Old Guard, Dr. Jago, who in Mr. Snow's stated opinion had outlived his historical function. In the novel the vanity and fecklessness of Mrs. Jago prepare the ground for Dr. Jago's downfall. Dr. Crawford, his adversary, who possesses tact and not a little gentility in the book, was made into a brusque Scot on the radio with little to recommend him to humanists. In the book one feels small sympathy for Dr. Jago in his defeat, finding it necessary and understandable. On the radio Dr. Jago invoked sympathy and was even made noble in defeat. Though the production managed to evoke nostalgia for Cambridge in a non-Cambridge listener, effect was marred by the feeling that the abridgement, albeit unconsciously, seemed to be voting for the Old Guard. Mr. John Phillips' Lewis Eliot hit exactly the right note of intrusion; Mr. Geoffrey Wincott's Winslow was suitably arrogant; Mr. Baliol Holloway's Gay was delicious; Mr. Geoffrey Lumsden's Jago was faithful to Mr. Snow's original portrait.

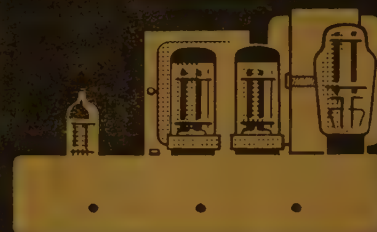
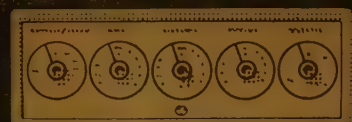
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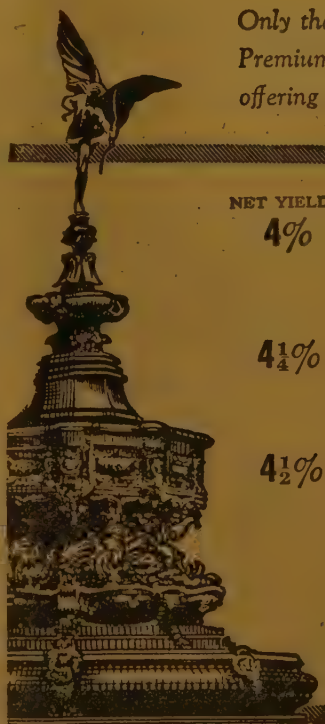
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in the Audio Hall at the National Radio and Television Exhibition, Earls Court, Aug. 27—Sept. 6

Two essays in lament, that staple in the Celtic imagination, provided an interesting comparison last week. Gordon Bottomley's 'Towie Castle' was a sentimental return to a world the meaning of which had been forgotten. In spite of the pipes of Mr. Seamus Ennis, the singing of Miss Isla Cameron, and the work of Mr. Frederick Bradnum, it remained a drawing-room conceit, a pale ghost of those shorter plays of Yeats. Miss Jessie Kesson's 'The Mourners' was more homespun and true. In fact it was so much another stone added to the great cairn of Lament that it must have fallen on many uncomprehending ears in southern Britain. It listened to the thoughts and sayings of a village community mourning the loss of an old woman who had fallen from a rock while trying to retrieve a sheep. Only her grand-nephew, who hated her and who had wished her dead, knows that the village madman, Rory, pushed her. The fears of the boy and the contemplations of the others were given macabre counterpoint by the mouth-music of Rory the Mad, played by Mr. Calum Maclean, who sang of murder and death. Miss Kesson's mourners here lamented more than the individual death. In the tradition they lament all death; their own deaths and that of their race. When the Minister reads the Burial, it is Kenny, the shepherd, who says:

'His words are for more than Elspeth lying coffined there. They are for our way of life that is ending, without heirs to come after us'.

Sassenachs—and that includes many Scotsmen—may complain that all this doesn't matter. As the Celts have been doing something to the English ever since they brought them Christianity, and as their word-making has been enriching English for so long, I have a feeling that it matters quite a lot. Even if Lament is not to taste, the words that it uses are always worth listening to. Mr. David Thomson found a cast who could use the words, and his blend of silence with wind and rain took me back once again to the lonely tragedy of the West Highlands.

Mr. Val Gielgud's 'Mediterranean Blue' was in a totally different genre. The antics of a Côte d'Azur house-party may not have seemed interesting to the intellectuals but it is worth pointing out that plays on Saturday nights still reach a vast and very faithful audience. The standard of these plays is not always as high as it was last Saturday. In 'The Legend of Nameless Mountain' the promise of a high standard was not maintained. Mr. Jan Carew's story, about a West Indian tribe in the savannah who obtain the gifts of work, beauty, and faith (in that order) from the nameless mountain, started well. But it seemed bitty. The voices and the singing were as delightful as they always are when the story is West Indian, but the story seemed to have been wrongly moulded.

Ugo Betti's 'Corruption in the Palace of Justice', made tense and full of nerve by Mr. Donald McWhinnie's great energy, and Ernst Schnabel's 'Sixth Canto' made welcome returns. Schnabel's work might be dubbed the intelligent man's guide to the Odyssey if he did not fill gaps in Virgil and Homer with such great mastery and imagination. Starting from Sparta rather than from Athens, German Hellenism can teach us much.

IAN RODGER

THE SPOKEN WORD

Megalopolitan Man

THE SECOND OF ARCHIE LEE's admirable programmes under the general title 'To Comfort Always', from Scotland on Wednesday evening (Home), dealt with the 'quiet revolution' in the treatment of various kinds of mental illness. This revolution is turning the old kind of 'loony

bin' into a place where people are being taught to lose their fear of 'madness' and to look upon it like any other sort of illness capable of treatment and cure. In the best of these new mental homes patients form a community, are free to come and go, to discuss their symptoms with one another and to criticise the doctors. In the Marlborough Day Hospital in London, we were told, patients come in the morning for treatment and leave in the evening, without anyone knowing where they have been. Thus the stigma of being 'mad', 'mental', 'crackers'—or whatever the word with which we are accustomed to insult the mentally ill—is removed.

But if one is unlucky, it is still possible, apparently—or was until just recently—to find oneself in one of the old type of mental homes which are not much different from concentration camps. On Wednesday an ex-patient described her experiences in one of these places in southern England, where the regime seems to have been designed to send those patients out of their minds who had not lost them already. Again, a mother told us that her son was 'locked up' in another of them (again in the south of England) 'without any sort of treatment' for six months—the kind of situation that arises from the fact that there are not nearly enough mental homes, doctors, and nurses to cope with the ever-growing amount of anxiety and disorientation incident to megalopolitan man.

On Thursday, from a transatlantic discussion on the Third Programme between Mark Abrams and Reuel Denney, Associate Professor of Social Science in the University of Chicago and author of *The Astonished Muse*, we heard how megalopolitan man in the United States is at last beginning to turn against the massed forces of salesmanship that have made him a passive consumer conforming to a predictable pattern of behaviour. Indeed, when in the first six months of this year the Detroit automobile industry failed to sell more than 3,000,000 cars, and when people began to show signs of preferring foreign makes and defiantly putting such stickers on their windscreens as 'Made by Elves in the Black Forest', there was widespread concern both in Detroit and on Madison Avenue. The consumer was beginning to rebel! The two- or three-garage house, even the monster car itself, looked like losing its prestige value. Worse, in some quarters there were signs of turning to minority culture. But that, of course, is mainly confined to the college educated who are leaving the cities in increasing numbers and living far out 'on a two-car basis' and going in for such things as bee-keeping and folk-dancing.

The most interesting development against the conformity induced by high-powered salesmanship is the rejection of Hollywood standards evidenced in the growth of the number of small, semi-professional theatres—'straw hat theatres', they call them—all over the States. This movement, it is astonishing to learn, has become so popular and widespread that the need is now felt of educating the audiences for the plays they see, which in turn has given rise to 'culture work' on school boards. It is an illuminating commentary on the shabby treatment accorded here to our little theatres—Theatre Workshop's Theatre Royal at Stratford-atte-Bowe, for instance—and the continued popularity of the worse type of American film, with its deliberate exploitation of sex, sadism, and horror—though we still wonder at the alarming growth of crime thus engendered among our under-twenties who are poisoned by these pictures two or three times a week! Unfortunately, as Professor Denney pointed out, with the spread of industrialism, Europe is in for the same consumer cycle as the United States. But as mass production is a way out of poverty, Mark Abrams considered this 'a reasonable price to pay'. There is, however, a poverty, a vulgarity, of the mind and the

emotions which is hardly compensated for by a higher standard of living.

Listening to an hour of 'The Ring and the Book' (the bulk of Book X, 'The Pope') on Sunday evening on the Third was a feat, I felt, almost comparable to Robert Donat's reading of it. In the same way, two of Donne's 'Elegies' would have been enough to digest on Friday evening. I delighted in Marius Goring's rendering of 'The Perfume' and 'His Picture'. After that, for all my love of Donne, I fear my attention began to wander.

PHILIP HENDERSON

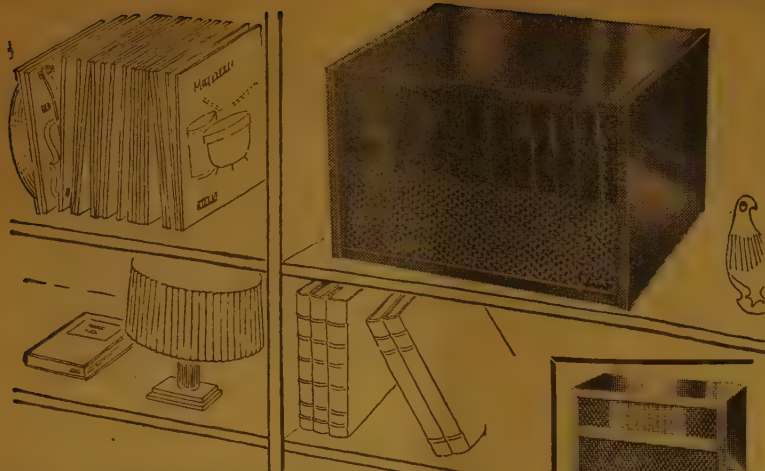
MUSIC

Some Ephemerae

MUNICH HAS INCLUDED in its Festival this year a revival of Strauss' second opera 'Feuersnot', of which a performance was relayed in the Third Programme a week ago. Composed in 1900-01 'Feuersnot' comes in Strauss' catalogue after all the best of his tone-poems, including 'Ein Heldenleben'. It is the work of no prentice-hand in composition. Yet, despite a good libretto, the piece has never had much success. At first, no doubt, its 'frank' treatment of the anecdote on which the dramatic action is founded was thought shocking and tasteless. And when the public got used to the musical description of love-making, which is such a constant feature of Strauss' works, the satire was outdated. And nothing is more ineffective than satire that has lost its sting.

Especially to a non-Bavarian, 'Feuersnot' is not really intelligible without a glossary. What is the point of all those tags from Wagner and those self-quotations, as in 'Ein Heldenleben'? Why did the librettist introduce so carefully into his text the words *Wagner* (carter) and *Strauss* (garland)? The answer is that the whole thing is a polemic lampoon, attacking Munich for its treatment of Richard Wagner in 1866 and for its failure in the eighteen-nineties to recognise in Richard Strauss the Elisha on whose shoulders Wagner's mantle had fallen. Strauss is the young Kunrad, disciple of the magician significantly named Reichardt, who plunges Munich in darkness as a punishment for its mockery, and who only relents when he has attained his desire. And what, one may well ask, does all this signify in 1958? Still, it was interesting to hear this curiosity in the excellent performance directed by Rudolf Kempe with Maud Cunitz and Marcel Cordes, whose contribution was outstanding, in the principal roles. It was no fault of the singers if the best music in this *Singgedicht* (as Strauss styled it) seemed the orchestral epilogue, with which we are familiar from concert-performances. The operatic butterfly had not yet emerged fully from the chrysalis of the tone-poem.

I take leave to doubt whether, fifty years hence, Samuel Barber's 'Vanessa', relayed from Salzburg on Saturday, will be revived even as a curiosity. Indeed, as I listened to this compendium of literary and musical clichés, I wondered why anyone should have contemplated transporting it all the way across the Atlantic. I do not boggle at mere improbability in an operaplot, but a tale which reverses the situation of the Marschallin, Octavian and Sophie in 'Der Rosenkavalier'—the ageing beauty Vanessa running off with the son of an old lover, who must be twenty years her junior—strikes one as slightly ludicrous. No interest or sympathy is aroused by any of the characters, of whose musical delineation it was impossible to detect any strong evidence. Even the ill-used Erica dished herself, so far as I was concerned, when she excused her 'lapse' with the old story of how 'he gave me too much wine and I didn't know what I was doing'. One would have



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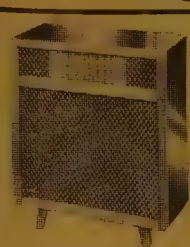


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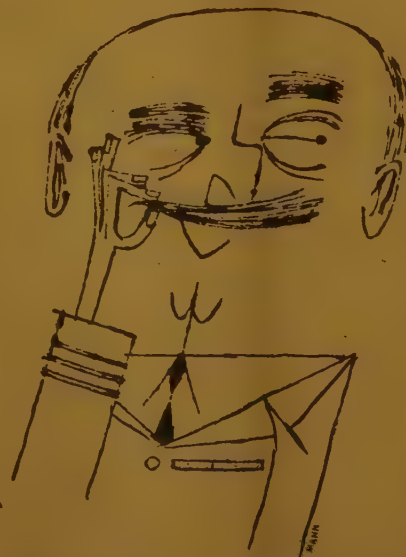
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thought that Mr. Menotti could have done better than that. Yet he puts into the mouth of Anatol a high-flown description of how he found the poor girl lying behind a bush like a wounded bird. The music exactly reflects the literary style of the libretto, using an operatic *lingua franca* with no special flavour of its own. At one point in the third act it did develop some dramatic tension that, late in the day though it was, promised well, but only to lapse into the commonplace of a Straussian waltz.

The performance under Mitropoulos seemed to be good. But Eleanor Steber, who sang un-

steadily at first, could not project the character of Vanessa at least across the air, for the reason that, I suspect, there is no character to project. Nicolai Gedda as the young Anatol may, perhaps, be excused a foreign accent, since he is supposed to arrive from Paris, but it didn't help towards taking the work seriously to hear such sentences (I quote from memory) as 'Peing a meenister and a doctor a man well lose both body and soul'.

The week's music also included an excellent recording of Tippett's 'A Child of our Time', which begins, like 'Feuersnot', to suffer from

its topicality. It is not that we have ceased to care about cruelty and injustice—though we have recently accepted, without any noticeable batting of eyelids, the brutal massacre of a whole royal family—but that, for all Tippett's attempt to translate the particular into terms of the general, one feels that one's emotions are being unfairly played upon, even as they are, much more obviously, in Menotti's 'The Consul'. The choruses, especially the Spiritual-chorales, remain fine music, but the 'arias' with their repetitions of short and often banal words become less and less effective with repetition.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Liszt and the Art of Transcription

By KATHLEEN DALE

All Liszt's transcriptions of Beethoven's symphonies are to be broadcast in the Third Programme: No. 1 at 8.0 p.m. on Saturday, August 30

THE art of transcription has been cultivated in one way or another almost ever since music became a written language. The possibilities inherent in the art are endless. A composer may alter the timbre and the expressive qualities of his own works by transferring them to a medium far different from the original—changing a choral composition, for instance, into a piece for strings; or he may recast works by other composers to fit a completely new set of musical circumstances. A skilled transcriber, not necessarily a composer, may bring the complexities of an orchestral score within the range of a pair—or two pairs—of hands at the keyboard; a solo instrumentalist may adapt concerted music to suit his own special needs as a concert performer.

Many new kinds of transcription have come into being throughout the ages, and the manner in which they have been made has varied widely in imaginative power and effectiveness. What a world of difference in type and style lies, for example, between the contrapuntally elaborate pavaues for virginals arranged respectively by William Byrd and Giles Farnaby from John Dowland's solo song 'Lachrymae' ('Flow, my tears'), or the florid reinterpretation of Handel's operatic arias as harpsichord solos by William Babell (1690-1723) and some of the complex transcriptions made during the present century, such as Leonard Borwick's exquisitely pianistic version of Debussy's 'L'Après midi d'un faune' (1914), Ravel's kaleidoscopic orchestration of Mussorgsky's colourless suite for piano 'Pictures from an Exhibition' (1922), or Graeser's clarifying orchestral score of Bach's 'Art of Fugue' (1924).

The first great landmark in the history of the art was erected by Bach in the early eighteenth century when he transferred Vivaldi's violin concertos to the sphere of keyboard music. This was a genuine feat of re-creation, for Bach did not blindly follow the letter of the music. He caught its spirit, and in so doing increased the scope of German instrumental music of his time by grafting upon it the structural methods originated by the great Italian school of violinist composers.

Nothing comparable with this artistically creative achievement was produced until the early nineteenth century. The arrangements Bach made of his own compositions, such as the translation to the organ or clavier of movements from his sonatas for violin solo, hardly enlarged the boundaries of keyboard music; nor did Handel's remodelling of his 'Concerti grossi' for strings and continuo as concertos for oboes and strings create a new type of structure.

Haydn's composition of 'The Seven Last Words' successively as sonatas for orchestra, as string quartets, and as a cantata, and Beethoven's re-writing of his Violin Concerto as a piano concerto are profoundly interesting in point of the details of their workmanship but they were in no way decisive for the evolution of new forms or methods of performance.

A new era in the art of transcription was inaugurated in the eighteen-thirties by the impact of Paganini upon Chopin, Schumann, and Liszt. Each of these three composers responded in typically individual manner to the challenge presented by the incomparably stimulating violinist both as performer and composer. Chopin was inspired to emulate Paganini's electrifying playing by conceiving its distinctive qualities anew in terms of his own instrument in the 'Douze grandes études'. Schumann, an enthusiastic but far from brilliant pianist, transcribed two sets of six each of Paganini's Caprices for solo violin, amplifying their sparse texture with solid harmonies and musicianly counterpoints and transforming them into genuinely attractive piano music. Liszt, the piano virtuoso of the century, likewise transcribed a collection of the Caprices, but he chose to enhance them with every imaginable type of pianistic embellishment. With these colossal difficulties 'Études d'exécution transcendante d'après Paganini' he revolutionised performing technique and raised the whole standard of piano playing to heights hitherto unapproached.

Liszt was a born transcriber, of both his own music and that of other composers. He may have acquired his enthusiasm for the art from his former piano teacher, Karl Czerny, one of the most indefatigable transcribers who ever lived. Czerny turned out dozens of arrangements for piano (solo and duet) of operas, symphonies, overtures and chamber music: practical, workaday versions for study or recreation. Liszt's conception of the art was infinitely more comprehensive and imaginative. It was his belief that the piano 'in the span of its seven octaves embraces the whole scope of the orchestra's colour-world, and man's ten fingers suffice to conjure up the sounds that can be produced by a hundred musicians'.

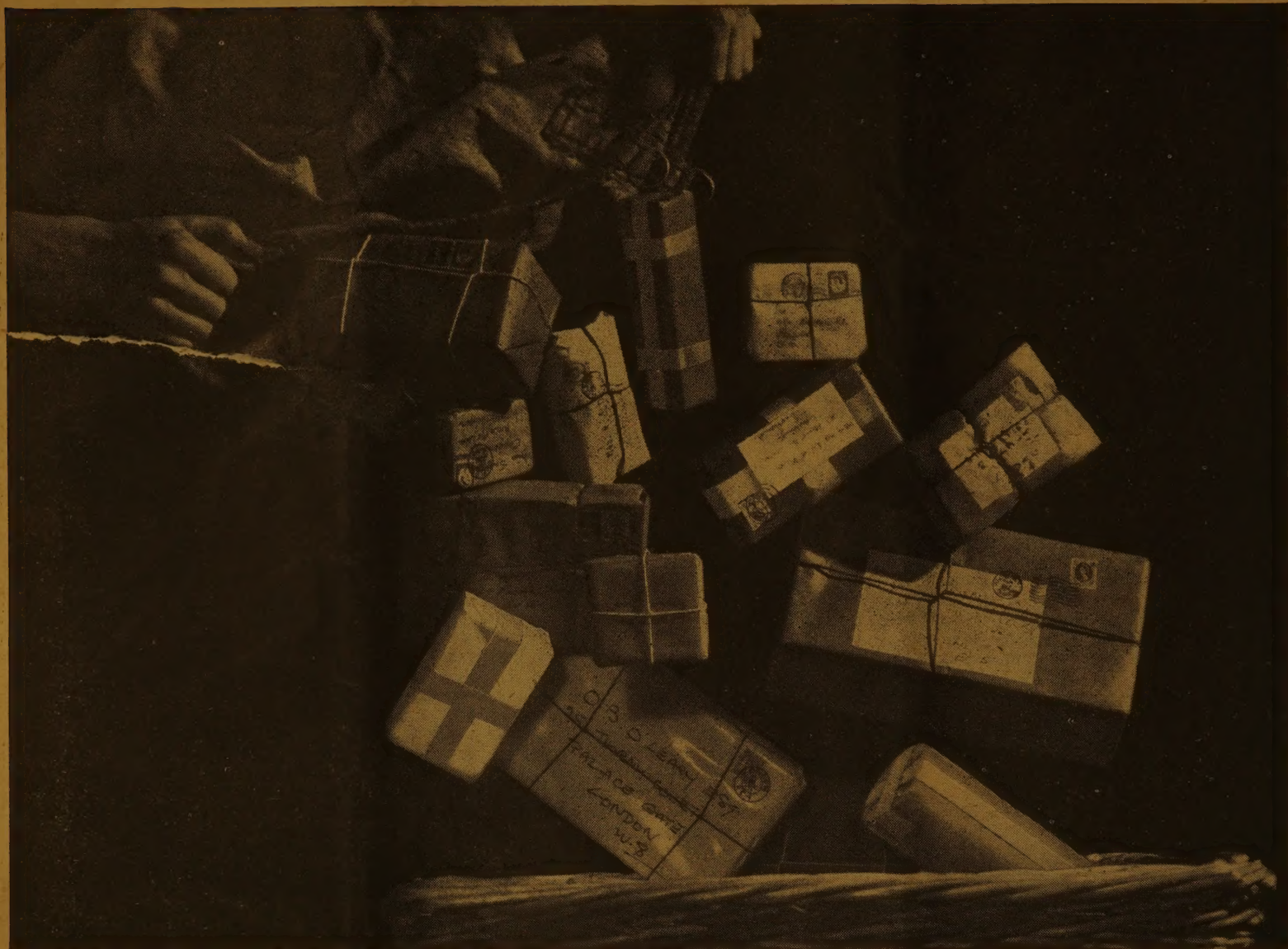
But it was not only orchestral music, such as his own and Berlioz's symphonic poems, Weber's and Rossini's overtures, that he re-created for the piano. Music of any type which he thought deserved wider appreciation than it had attained was also his province. Piano arrangements of songs by Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Rossini and

others, organ fugues by Bach, choral music by Mozart comprise only a fraction of his tremendous output. He allowed himself considerable freedom in making these transcriptions, but not the wild flights of fancy that distinguish the operatic or dramatic fantasies and paraphrases that were his own invention. In these resplendent pieces he employed the functions of transcription and original creation side by side to form a composite art which, if it no longer appeals to musical taste, still compels admiration for its technical brilliance.

Liszt's arrangement for piano solo of Beethoven's Nine Symphonies forms the peak of his achievement in literal transcribing. He began the arduous task in 1837 when he was twenty-six and did not complete it until 1864. When it was published in 1865 he wrote in the preface that he would consider his work 'a waste of employment if he had only added one more to the numerous published piano-arrangements, but well employed if he had succeeded in transferring to the piano not only the grand outlines of Beethoven's compositions but also all those numerous fine details and smaller traits that so powerfully contribute to the completion of the ensemble'.

Without a shadow of doubt, Liszt was magnificently employed. His arrangements succeed as do no others, in conveying both the letter and the spirit of the symphonies in supremely convincing fashion. Every detail of the part-writing and the orchestration is made to stand out in the piano scores so that the pianist, whether he reads them with his eyes or his fingers, is constantly aware of Beethoven's own intentions. Paradoxically enough, it is when Liszt is least scrupulously exact in distributing the musical material over the keyboard that he is most successful in evoking the tonal effects of the originals. His adding of resonant ornaments to the bass-notes of vital harmonies, his filling-in of chords and doubling of octaves to pile up great masses of sound, his changes of pitch to denote changes in orchestral timbres all conjure up the very qualities and colours of the sounds they purport to represent. The actual notation, too, is a model of clarity, with important solo parts for individual instruments often written out on a third staff to emphasise their significance in the texture.

If any one of the symphonies may be considered more effective in transcription than the others, perhaps it is the Seventh, which abounds in pianistic figuration so skilfully devised as to transcend all the limitations of man's ten fingers in simulating the sounds produced by a hundred musicians.



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Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

MILDEW STAINS

A LISTENER asks how to deal with mildew stains. Mildew is a fungus-like growth. It is not just a stain which you can wash off easily. It attacks and weakens the fibres of materials. So you have to treat it carefully or a weak place will develop which is very soon a hole. The first step is to brush the surface, when it is bone dry: that is to get rid of the spores of the growth. Then, if the material is white—and cotton, or linen, or rayon—you can treat it with a mild household bleach, which means following the manufacturer's instructions about the strength of the solution. Then rinse thoroughly. If you are tackling coloured materials—coloured cottons, or linens, or rayons—bleach may be all right for them too, if the colour is really fast. But I would test an inconspicuous corner first. If I had to treat mildew on silk or on wool I would not risk bleach. I would damp the mildew stain, then rub it with mild toilet soap and put it out in the sun for a few hours. With luck it will disappear after the material is washed. If it does not I would hand over responsibility to a good laundry or dry cleaner.

Mildew develops as a result of damp: if you leave things rolled up damp till you have time to iron them it is asking for trouble—especially if you leave them in a warm place.

Another listener asks how to clean marble. I would say wash it, and I should use synthetic detergent in warm water rather than soap. That

is because soap tends to leave a slight film on marble. Then all that remains to be done is rinsing, wiping dry, and rubbing up with a soft duster. If you want a good gloss, there is nothing against using a little white furniture cream by way of a finishing touch. If the marble is stained, here again you have to be careful. If marks will not yield to a rub with a mild scouring powder, then you will need to use acid. I suggest vinegar or lemon juice. But acid has a slightly solvent effect on marble, so even if you are using a mild variety, like vinegar or lemon juice, it is as well to rinse it away after a minute or two, so that it does not have time to bite down and cause permanent damage to the surface.

RUTH DREW

WOODEN TARTS

In spite of their unexpected name, these tarts are delicious. Make a pastry by rubbing in an ounce of lard and an ounce of margarine to $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of plain flour, and mix to a dough with boiling water. Knead well, roll out, and line a pastry tin with one half. Cover with washed, topped-and-tailed gooseberries, sprinkle with brown sugar to taste, cover with a lid, pinch the edges to seal, pierce the top to let the steam out, and bake in a hot oven for 10 to 15 minutes. Serve hot or cold, with cream or top of the milk.

MOLLY WEIR

A BACON RECIPE

For a quick, simple meal buy smoked short-back bacon cut in thick slices—about half an inch thick. Sprinkle each slice with pepper, take off the rind, and nick through the fat to prevent it curling. Then grill it gently for seven minutes, turning it once. Turn up the heat at the end to brown it. You will find this thick cut of short-back bacon delicious with new potatoes and broad beans, peas, or cucumber.

LOUISE DAVIES

Notes on Contributors

- W. V. HARCOURT (page 255): served in the Sudanese Civil Service from 1954-1958
 Lt.-Gen. SIR FREDERICK MORGAN, K.C.B. (page 257): Controller of Atomic Weapons 1954-1956; Controller of Atomic Energy 1951-1954; Chief of Unrra Operations in Germany 1945-1946; Deputy Chief of Staff to Supreme Commander, Allied Expeditionary Force 1944-1945; author of *Overture to Overlord*
 MARY GOLDRING (page 259): air correspondent of *The Economist*
 MICHAEL SHANKS (page 259): industrial editor of *The Financial Times*
 Rev. E. F. CARPENTER (page 263): Canon of Westminster
 JOHN BOWEN (page 269): author of *Pegasus* and *After The Rain*

Crossword No. 1,473.

Put It There.

By Jackdaw

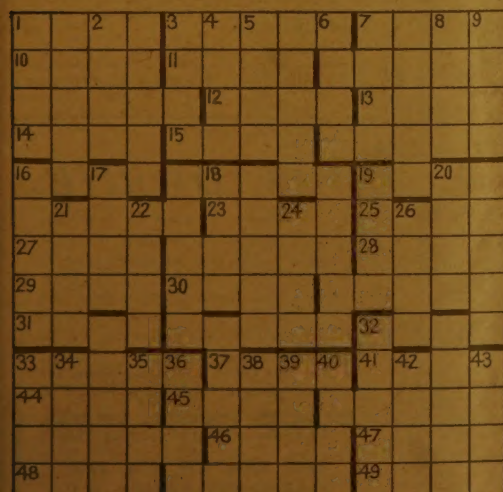
Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, August 28. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

Clues are grouped, the first two in each group being normal with lights of four letters. The third in each group contains not only a clue to a five-letter light, either across or down, but also, mixed in thirteen consecutive letters, the lights to all three clues in the group. The five-letter lights have to be correctly located by the solver. An accent has been ignored.

CLUES—ACROSS

1. Heavy part of a window frame up North
7. Cut off the deans retreat
This wild Asian sheep is now dreadfully rare



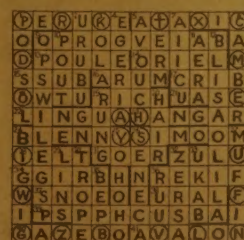
10. The cost of changing silver to gold for example
11. Nothing for the police to fall back on in a matter of force
Magic potion deftly named by Spenser
12. Symbol of life? easily picked up?
- 13R. Such a novel is cheap, less than ninepence if imported here
A pink rash made on the skin by the itch
14. It is bitter, with less mild
15. Other remains stirred up
An unknown man, in short, whose calling legally exists
16. A slow mover covers only a yard in the open spaces
Must change, to be what it is
An initiate who kept up some mysterious rites
23. He comes from Italy and is still warm
25. Water-cock found at the beginning of the Scriptures
Talk turkey poorly, work at Greek grammar needed
27. Boast about inferior coal
28. The way to go down the Thames
An approach to the broadcast word
29. Lean end of the loaf
30. Interpretation of credenda
The emerald sheen seen when the cuttings are complete
31. Ignorantly, I know, the birds have lost their head
32. Rush all over the place where the nuts come from
Law givers, from them Irish law usually arises
37. Sound of yearning for receipt of a leg-of-mutton perhaps
41. Solid not easily broken
Breaks the rules of day-school
44. A good woman is at heart a ferocious delphinid
45. Unjustifiable delay starts a period of suspension
It can give you dramatic proof of something rotten
46. Where to copy your hosts
47. Distrain, in Scotland, not before the morning
Gave cards to men alarmed at out-of-work prospects
48. Millet is grain cut and mixed
49. A number of small charges sounds like the lot
Sea wreckage of a large iron galleon

DOWN

1. A day's work in Scotland might almost be a drag
35. A night-jar, without a will, is unproductive
Take a close look in Scotland at what was overpaid originally
2. Whirlpool that is in the middle of Welsh lake
17. Before Spenser's time
Small pot with a yellow geometric pattern

3. An apple that keeps the minister's hands warm
36. Linen strip on show in a royal castle
There would seem no aphorism in so roughly referring to money
4. An estate of one's own in the Scottish islands
Colour of someone's face when the Sputnik signal petered out
In Gaelic, rebuked, lamentably to the Scot's ear
5. Preserves what looks like becoming gaudy
38. To cut an entire hide
In one branch of the docks current ship movements are halted
- 6R. Beat a dull sound
40. Still found in sorrow for the Treasury
A punnet shaved from a red-wood tree
7. Weaver's reed used for flavouring when added to fish
19. Shed—imported from the Peterborough area?
Toy obelisk loosely built of small coins some time ago
8. Utter in semitones
20. Stars seen in the reception room, at Cheltenham?
Puzzle made tortuous in effort to excel
9. The body of a pedestal, often made of wall-paper
Greek division of grenade men
A homemade dodge for recording old letters on stone
21. All in a line, Spenserian fashion
34. Covered wagon in use at the polar base
Cave, here comes a warrant bearer
22. Where they have been used nothing remains
35. A modern painter, may produce staves or wax-seeds
Spenser's plant was later laid to rest
- 24R. Toss up your head, and keep your tail up
39. Old Adam to the Hindu
He indulges in diplomacy like, perhaps, an emissary
26. The consequences of lying on it might be painful
42. Kames found in such places as Arbroath
Is Kandahar a spot affording a glimpse of the racoon-like beast?

Solution of No. 1,471



1st prize: D. Kirby (Leeds, 6); 2nd prize: A. J. Doig (London, S.W.20); 3rd prize: A. Douglas (Belfast)

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